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PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES IN HER BOUDOIR.—[Drawn from a Photograph by Mary Steen.]

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

If Thackeray were alive an opportunity would be now afforded him in the case of Burges (deceased) and the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's (fortunately settled out of Court) to supplement his "Book of Snobs" by an essay on Post-mortem Snobism. The authorities of the Cathedral not only appear to have preferred the effigy of a lord, of however recent creation, to that of a post-captain, however long departed, but were prepared to oust the latter from his quarters in favour of the former. This certainly seems to the unecclesiastical spectator "a high outrage in Utica"—this Utica being a place of tombs—indeed. It is quite possible that Captain Burges' monument may not be such an ornament to the south aisle as Lord Leighton's would have been; but if unpicturesqueness is to decide the place of the tenants of our National Valhalla, a good many of them will have to "go down lower"—into the crypt. A Canon of this very Cathedral, in looking about in it for a site for a deceased friend, has expressed himself in very uncomplimentary terms upon this matter—

No! I should not know where to place him there. I would not have him by early Johnson be, Or that queer-looking horse that is rolling on Pousouby, Or those ugly mixxes, the sister Sphinxes— Mix'd creatures, half lady, half lioness, ergo (Demon says) the emblem of Leo and Virgo; On one of the backs of which singular jumble Sir Ralph Abercromby is going to tumble With a thump which alone were enough to despatch him, If the Scotchman in front shouldn't happen to catch him. No! I'd not have him there, nor near the door, Where the man and the Angel have got Sir John Moore, And are quietly letting him down through the floor.

It is true that he adds (though, we fear, sarcastically) that—
The tombstones are placed in the very best taste
At the feet and the head of the elegant Dead,
And no one's received who's not "buried in lead."

But he never contemplated their being displaced, nor would have extended to it the same compliment. Perhaps it would be the better plan in future, and would also increase the resources of the Chapter, to let the more eligible situations on lease. Then our national heroes would know "where they were," or, at all events, how long they would remain there. That the monument to the man "who broke the line at Camperdown and died in doing it" should be compelled "to give his place of honour to a successful painter," has naturally wounded the feelings of some susceptible persons, but the lease system would (except to the Irish) be fair and intelligible.

At Birmingham the other day, at the opening of the new hospital, the crowd, we are told, was so densely packed that "several policemen and telegraph boys" had actually to crawl on their hands and knees over their heads. This is better than "walking over their heads," which is the usual phrase in cases of extreme contiguity, but it must have been inconvenient to both the crawlers and the crawled upon. That the thing, however, is quite possible I can easily believe, for I once saw (at the last execution at the Old Bailey) a poor little fox-terrier, someone had mischievously lifted shoulder-high, running about over the people's heads as though they had been a field of turnips, and quite unable to find either entrance or exit. I was told that on a previous occasion a practical joker had let loose a sackful of rats with great success. If the terrier and the rats had made their debut simultaneously the affair would have been complete, but the abolition of public executions put this treat out of the question.

A sailor living in Chicago has made a will leaving his dog £340 in acknowledgment of the faithful nursing and attendance he received from him during a dangerous illness. What the dog did at the time of trial to be so well remembered—whether he fetched the doctor or bit him—we are not informed. One hopes that he does not know of his master's good intentions, for the affections of men, especially of sailors, are fickle, and he may be disinherited in a codicil. Moreover, his future attentions may be set down by the cynical to the sense of favours to come. The money, however, has been deposited with a trust company, so that we may conclude he has more than "expectations" to rely upon. Similar thoughtful provision has often been made for our four-footed and feathered friends, though the more numerous legates have been parrots. It is well known that human annuitants live considerably longer than other people, but this is still more the case with birds and animals who have been similarly provided for. Under the fostering care of the persons in charge of them, who, of course, benefit by their existence, they have been known to live to quite a fabulous age, though not always without the suspicion of substitution.

Of all our Jubilee visitors, none have made so great an impression upon the public as those from India. Indeed, the *habitués* of our Court, who are used to the spectacle of illustrious strangers, are unanimous in their admiration of these dusky potentates, who have maintained, under what must often have been most trying circumstances, an attitude of patient dignity beyond all praise. That they must at times have been within "measurable distance" of being bored to death, sitting at table with guests with whom they could not eat nor speak, is certain. The Indian at the stake (or "steak")

has been their only parallel. How benignly have they smiled when listening to speeches and looking at plays of which they could not have understood one word, and all with the grand air of a Louis XIV. of six feet two! Covered, too, with jewels from head to heel, it is no wonder that the ladies should have fallen in love with them. Curiously enough, the Embassy from Morocco in Charles the Second's days seems to have filled all beholders with the same enthusiasm. Evelyn, who was not given to extravagance of praise, speaks of their extraordinary moderation and modesty: "They drank of sorbet and jocolatt [temperance drinks of the period], but not a drop of wine; did not look about or stare at the ladies, or express the least surprise, but with a courtly negligence in pace, countenance, and whole behaviour. The Russian Ambassador, still at Court," adds the diarist, "behaved himself like a clown compared to these civil heathens."

There are, it is said, but few things that Law can do for mankind, but to give a clear decision upon the subject of mistress and servant in the matter of "notice" is certainly one of them. At present it wobbles about the question. One County Court Judge considers the first month as a trial month, and admits of "warning" being given or taken at the conclusion of the first fortnight. Another, however, declares that a month's notice can be given or taken at any date. The Domestic Servants' Union is in favour of all engagements terminating at a week's notice. From what one gathers from employers, they seem to prefer a fortnight's notice on either side. A week is too short a time in which to procure a substitute, while a month is too long to retain a servant who is unfit for, or discontented with, her situation; it is also too long for her successor, if out of a situation, to wait for her engagement. These are small matters, but they have more to do with the national comfort than affairs which seem of far greater importance.

Members of the House of Commons often complain of the red-tape regulations of Government offices. Yet that august body has recently rejected a petition because it was type-written. It is quite possible that petitions are never read, but this objection to their being legible seems a little fanciful, and if it happened in an assemblage of less wisdom, would be deserving of a stronger adjective.

The behaviour of the inhabitants of Rodrigues Island to our poor shipwrecked folks was in sad contrast to that of our French neighbours on a recent occasion; but the islanders were not Frenchmen, but French Creoles. It is also to be said for them that, notwithstanding their inhuman inhospitality, they made no attempt to plunder. They were simply terrified at the risk of catching yellow fever, which they believed was what was amiss with those on board the *Traveller*. Their notion of quarantine was to confine them to a sand island, whither they brought food, and left it on the beach. However inexcusable may have been their conduct, it was mainly the result of cowardice and the lack of civilisation. The doctor could hardly, however, shelter himself under the latter plea, and his conduct was the most remarkable. He came in a small boat, taking care never to approach the shore, and examined his patients with a pair of binoculars. These have not the accuracy of the X rays, but he probably thought they were better than nothing. It was probably the first time that a diagnosis has been taken under such circumstances, and we hope to see a communication from him to the *Lancet*. His directions were probably conveyed through a speaking-trumpet, which must have given them a certain authority. He could hardly have ascertained his patients' temperature, but he could have looked at their tongues. Is it possible that under such circumstances he could have charged for personal attendance?

If comparisons were not so odious, we might well contrast the spirit of our late Jubilee proceedings and the laws which, after all, from their tolerance of freedom of expression, have fostered it, with the latest prosecution instituted by the German Government. It was directed against a boy of sixteen, who has been sentenced by a Court (indirectly by the Court) in Berlin to four months' imprisonment "for uttering to a boy companion insulting remarks concerning the Emperor just before the centenary festival." What a strange mixture of childishness and brutality is this! How pettifogging and yet how dangerous! If such a course of action could stop men's thinking one could understand it, but to stop their speaking, and by so doing leave their thoughts ten times as hostile as before, seems, to say the least of it, injudicious.

The authorities at Stationers' Hall have been taken to task by Mr. Justice Hawkins for registering somebody's "drunken scrawl" as a literary production. It may be argued that, after all, this was only a measure of unnecessary precaution. The average is restored to the Hall by the fact of its refusing to take any precaution at all to prevent one author infringing the copyright of another. For more than a generation this useless and idiotic institution has been besought by authors to register books by their titles, which is the only method by which a writer can discover whether the one he has fixed upon has been anticipated. But the appeal has always been treated with a silent contempt. It is high time that the Jack-in-office, whoever he is, who is responsible for this neglect should be put out of it.

It is curious, considering the length of time they have been with us, how little we know about the criminal classes. With their "goings on" as regards the practice of their various professions we are, of course, acquainted through the police reports. But of their sentiments and feelings we know nothing. No one capable of reporting them has ever studied them except from without. Novelists have, indeed, described their characters and manners, but always *de haut en bas*. This is the case with the thieves in "Oliver Twist": we have their actions, but not their ideas. Writers such as Jabez Weathercock have themselves been professional rogues, but, from motives easy to understand, they have ignored the subject upon which they were best-qualified to speak. What prison chaplains, Scripture readers, and philanthropists have to say about it is not worth hearing. One might as well expect to gather the character of a young lady from one who has met her at an evening party. We do not even know in what light the criminal classes regard their own calling—whether as something to be proud of, or as a disgrace, or as a necessity thrust upon them. Do they think it right or wrong? Or is there no right or wrong in their eyes except as indicated by the regulations of the police? Now and then, though very rarely, we get glimpses of this unknown world through the Courts of Justice.

An introduction which ripened to almost intimacy was thus obtained with the chief actor in the Muswell Hill tragedy. He had in some respects a marvellous resemblance to Mr. William Sikes; the strongest possible family likeness to him; but there were little traits about him—or were about his duplicate—which even Dickens's imagination could not supply, and they have now been revealed. Love and wine—most potent factors with us all—had an unusual effect upon him. The former was of a general and all-embracing character (similar to that attributed to Lord Byron), the latter of a peculiar vintage ("unsweetened gin"); but neither of them rendered him genial. "If the prisoner was so brutal as is described when under the influence of good liquor," exclaimed a Scotch Judge with honest indignation, "what a fiend must he have been when sober!" But Fowler was shown to be even more morose when drunk, while his first advance (so to speak) to the temporary object of his affections was invariably to knock her down. Learned persons versed in the history of humanity may attribute this to heredity: a survival of the ancient method of courtship; but my own impression is that his ideas on this subject, as in many others, were entirely original. Without sympathising in general with those who would abolish capital punishment, I cannot but regret that Fowler was hanged. His life ought to have been spared on condition of his writing his autobiography, which would, one feels persuaded, have thrown that of Rousseau into the shade. It would, of course, have been full of dramatic interest: the narration of his resolute attempt to strangle in the dock the confederate who had "rounded" on him, notwithstanding the immediate presence of four policemen, would have rescued it from dullness, but its chief value would have been the revelation it would have afforded of the inner life of his class.

Quite recently, however, we had some further glimpses of it in the trial of another burglar. He had neither "front name" nor surname (that could be relied on), but was known among his social circle as Dismal Jack (had they ever heard, one wonders, of "Dismal Jimmy"?), on account of the melancholy views he took of life. It is of itself novel and interesting to hear that burglars have "views." It is not likely that this person had studied Schopenhauer, or even been a frequenter of the plays of Ibsen, but his cast of mind is evidently similar to that of those writers. He would grumble, it seems, at anything. He appears to have been fairly successful in his profession, but if the gains on any adventure were large, he grumbled because they were not larger; if they were small, of course he grumbled; and above all, he grumbled about the division of profits. Moreover, if anything of value was left behind after making what was intended to be a clean sweep, he was sadly put about. On one occasion himself and friends cleared a suburban villa of its contents in the way of plate and jewellery, but by what certainly seems an unpardonable neglect of opportunities, left some furlined coats hanging up in the hall. These, or rather their absence, so preyed upon his mind that his companions could hardly induce him to abstain, in their graphic language, from "busting" the place over again. His despair at finding a watch he had filched was "made in Germany," or, at least, of German silver, was something heartrending to witness. A little reflection will remind us how like "Dismal Jack" is to many of our own acquaintances. These simple excerpts from his "poor but dishonest" life seem to me to throw a gleam of light upon the dark annals of the class under consideration. They are probably very like ourselves, except—I will not say "the being found out"—a very cheap and certainly a very "nasty" observation, which I leave to the cynic—but except their views of property, which themselves again are very similar to those now held by some advanced politicians. The popular idea that when they are not actively engaged in their profession, "life is all beer and skittles," may at all events be dismissed. The burglar's life is not a happy one.

RAILWAYS.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

GOODWOOD RACES, July 27, 28, 29, and 30.
GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.
 Fast Trains at Victoria 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Fares leave London for Portsmouth, Southampton, and the Isle of Wight every Wednesday as under:
 From Victoria 6.35, 10.30, and 11.35 a.m.; 1.45, 3.55, and 4.25 p.m.; also at 7.15 p.m. for Portsmouth only.
 From Kensington (Addition Road) 6.55, 10.50, and 11.40 a.m.; 1.55, 4.05, and 4.35 p.m.; also at 8.05 p.m. for Portsmouth only, all calling at West Brompton and Cheltenham.
 From London Bridge 6.45, 10.45, and 11.40 a.m.; 1.50, 4.05, and 4.35 p.m.; also at 7.55 p.m. for Portsmouth only.
SATURDAY. From Victoria 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Fares depart 8.20 a.m. for Portsmouth, Southampton, and the Isle of Wight. From Kensington (Addition Road) 8.40 a.m. for Portsmouth, Southampton, and the Isle of Wight. From London Bridge 8.30 a.m. for Portsmouth, Southampton, and the Isle of Wight.
CARLETON TRAINS FOR SERVANTS, HOMES, AND BUSES only. From Victoria 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Fares depart 6.30 a.m. and 6.40 p.m. and 11.40 p.m. for Portsmouth, Southampton, and the Isle of Wight.
 Fares and carriages for the above Stations will not be conveyed by any other Trains from Victoria on these days.
ON ALL FOUR DAYS OF THE
SPECIAL TRAIN (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave Victoria 7.55 a.m., Kensington (Addition Road) 8.10 a.m., Cheltenham Junction 8.20 a.m., London Bridge 8.30 a.m., direct to Singleton, arriving at 10.15 a.m. Return 11.15 a.m. and 11.40 p.m.
SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st and 2nd Class) will leave Victoria 9.05 a.m., Kensington (Addition Road) 9.20 a.m., Cheltenham Junction 9.30 a.m., London Bridge 9.40 a.m., direct to Singleton, arriving at 11.15 a.m. Return 12.15 p.m. and 12.40 p.m.
AN EXTRA SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st Class only) will leave Victoria 9.45 a.m., Kensington (Addition Road) 10.00 a.m., Cheltenham Junction 10.10 a.m., London Bridge 10.20 a.m., direct to Singleton, arriving at 12.15 p.m. Return 1.15 p.m. and 1.40 p.m.
 Tickets may be obtained previously at the London Bridge and Victoria Stations at the usual rates. Tickets for the West End Offices, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Strand, London, which offices will remain open till 10 p.m. on July 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, and 29.

PARIS.—SHORTEST AND CHEAPEST

ROUTE.—NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND BOUEN.
 Two Special Express Services (Weekdays and Sundays).
 London to Paris (1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 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OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES.

Princess Victoria of Wales is a familiar figure in London as the constant comrade of her mother, the Princess of Wales. The additional publicity of the royal family during the Jubilee festivities has made her more conspicuous than ever in the part which she has enacted so gracefully and well for the year that has elapsed since the marriage of Princess Maud of Wales to Prince Charles of Denmark. It is just eight years since Princess Louise of Wales became Duchess of Fife, and made the first secession in that escort of three daughters with which the Princess was commonly seen in London. The three inevitably became two, and the two were reduced to one. Princess Victoria Alexandra Olga Mary was born at Marlborough House on July 6, 1868; and, besides being a devoted daughter, an all but indispensable companion to her mother, she is the possessor of musical and other accomplishments, is a member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, and a Lady of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India.

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE IN INDIA.

Tuesday, June 22, 1897, was a red-letter day with the station of Almorah—European and native, civil and

good-service medals were also distributed, as well as certificates of commendation. Each helmet had, of course, the cheers of the crowd. The Duke and Duchess of York drove up and down the lines, and the ceremonies ended by a sort of fire-extinguishing rehearsal. The steamers galloped to and fro, water was poured on a house which was not burning, and firemen ran up and down escapes with an agility that commanded universal admiration.

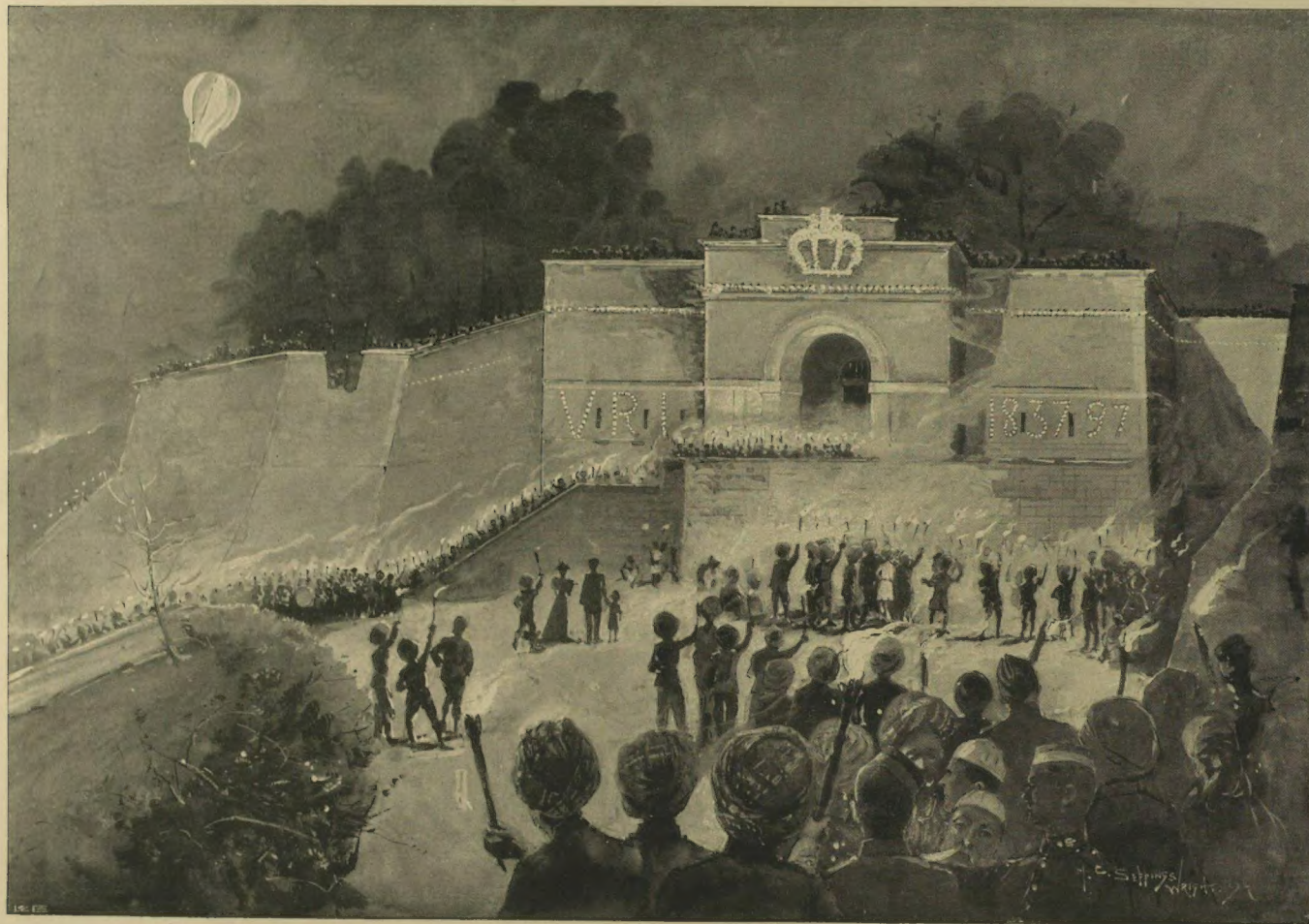
THE BISLEY MEETING.

Many people predicted the downfall of the annual rifle shoot when the venue was changed from Wimbledon to Bisley, but the prophets have proved themselves to have been false ones. True, the picnic element is not so apparent at Bisley as was the case at Wimbledon, as the order now is "business only meant." The sport is, however, vastly improved, and, thanks to the introduction of the Lee-Metford rifle, highest possibilities are this year only too common. That rare old sport, Major Gibbs, of the 2nd Gloucestershire Engineers, opened the ball by winning the Waldegrave Prize; and the Volunteer officers beat the Regular officers, as they generally do, by-the-bye. In the Inter-Varsity Match, Cambridge beat Oxford. Some capital shooting took place in the first stage for the Imperial Prize. Bradfield College won the Ashburton Shield, for which twenty-six public-school teams competed,

The British Fleet were all cleared for action, with their guns fully loaded, keeping, however, the tampions in the mouths of the guns to deceive the Turks. No doubt, if the latter had opened fire, the carnage would have been frightful, as several ships, among them the *Alexandra*, touched the mud while right under the guns of the forts, and were only got off with difficulty. The *Alexandra* was also the flag-ship at the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882. Afterwards she completed her third commission up the Straits as flag-ship of the Duke of Edinburgh.

HENLEY REGATTA.

The aquatic carnival which is annually held at Henley maintains its interest. The fixture this year attracted rowing men from all quarters of the globe, and the spectators numbered something above the average. The weather was perfect, and the rowing was the best ever seen, records going wholesale. For the Grand Challenge the racing all through was of the top class, but the climax was reached with the final heat, when New College, after a very fine race, defeated Leander with a bit to spare. The Leander four had their revenge in the final of the Stewards' Cup, as they beat New College easily. The usual interest attached to the race for the Ladies' Plate. In the opening heats Emmanuel, Christ Church, King's College, and Eton were successful. The second



THE DIAMOND JUBILEE COMMEMORATION IN INDIA: ILLUMINATION OF FORT MOIRA AT ALMORAH.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Pulley, 3rd Gurkha Rifles.

military alike; and our Illustration will give some idea of how, in this far-off little Himalayan cantonment, the sixtieth anniversary of her Gracious Majesty's accession to the throne was loyally observed. About 8 p.m. all the surrounding peaks and ridges blazed up with beacon fires, and Naini Tal, Ranikhet, Chanbatha, Almora, Binsar, right away to Kausane on the one hand, Jalna on the other, were soon in touch with one another, and fresh answering fires burst out from point to point. At 9.30 p.m. the European and native gentry assembled on the Gurkha parade-ground in response to an invitation from the officers of the regiment; and a few minutes after the buglers sounded off, and, playing a bugle march, escorted by torch-bearers, marched round the parade-ground. Then could be seen approaching the Gurkha pipers, likewise lighted on their way by torch-bearers. A combined procession of civil and military was formed into the city, which was gaily illuminated.

FIRE BRIGADE REVIEW.

The men of the London Fire Brigade proceeded in review order to Clapham Common on Saturday, when the Duke and Duchess of York presented medals to those of their number who had specially distinguished themselves during the past year. Brass helmet after brass helmet was seen by the crowd to approach the dais where the Duke and Duchess were, and to disappear with habitual speed. In this way Arthur Whaley, the saviour of two boys in Caledonian Road, got the silver medal; and a number of

and Cheltenham won the Public-Schools Veterans' Match. For the Kolapore Cup, Victoria were the winners, and Cambridge won the Chancellor's Plate. The Regular Army won the United Service Cup. In the second stage for the Imperial Prize, Sergeant Whitechurch, 3rd V. B. South Staffordshire, won the Cup and £100. England appropriated the Elcho Shield, and Sergeant Wattleworth, of Liverpool, took the Prince of Wales's Prize. Of course, chief interest centred over the shooting for the Queen's Prize, which opened on Monday, when H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was present.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The Naval Manœuvres, which were summarised in our last issue, were followed by the usual target and torpedo practice off the south-west coast of Ireland. This forms the subject of one of our Special Artist's Illustrations, while the other represents H.M.S. *Alexandra*, the flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Compton E. Domville, lying in Tor Bay. This famous battle-ship has had perhaps a more distinguished career than any other vessel of her time. Since this is most likely her last appearance as a flag-ship, as she will shortly be relieved by the *Cunperdown* from the Mediterranean, it will be worth while to recall some of the events of her history. Built so long ago as 1877, she was the flag-ship of the late Admiral Hornby, when, in order to save Constantinople from the Russians, she steamed through the Dardanelles, expecting every moment that the Turks would open fire on his fleet.

round saw Eton and Emmanuel to the fore, and in the final the Eton boys, to the delight of the crowd, won the plate for the fifth year in succession. The boys, ably stroked by the Hon. W. McClintock Bunbury, created a record in the final, their time being 7 min. 14.5 sec. Perhaps the most interesting contest of the Regatta was that for the Diamond Sculls. Unfortunately, in one of the opening heats, Blusse, of the Amsterdam Club, was stricken down with sunstroke, and had to give up when rowing against E. H. Ten Eyck, the American. H. P. Blackstaffe, of the Vesta R.C., who is connected with the Smithfield Market, beat McDowell in 8 min. 34 sec., and in the final he had to meet Ten Eyck; the latter won easily. Trinity College had an easy win in the final for the Visitors' Challenge Cup, and Kingston had little difficulty in annexing the Thames Cup and the Wyfold Cup. E. R. Balfour and Guy Nickalls gained a popular victory for the Silver Goblets.

PLAYMATES.

(See Supplement.)

"Playmates" has a significance which must be plain even to the least discerning. The lady in the picture is something more than a tamer of birds. She is what the French call *une domptresse des animaux féroces*. The birdcage is evidently a symbol for a much more spacious cage, which is sometimes described as the domestic sanctuary, and contains one of the *animaux féroces* reduced to exemplary docility.



THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEETING AT BISLEY.

PERSONAL.

Lord Charles Beresford demurs to the gift of an ironclad from the Cape to the British Navy. He thinks that in time of war the colonists will expect the ships they have contributed to be assigned for their special protection, whereas the plan of a naval campaign may make this impossible. Hence friction between the Imperial and Colonial authorities. Lord Charles holds that it would be better for the colonists to confine their contributions to the provision of naval stations. But might not the same feeling that Lord Charles Beresford anticipates operate in this case if there happened to be no squadron on a naval station when war was in progress? Surely the substantial advantages of Colonial ironclads must outweigh the risk of misunderstanding.

M. Clémenceau, who has been dwelling in comparative obscurity lately, is emerging from his retirement to denounce the Franco-Russian alliance. There is a significant change in French opinion with regard to Russia. M. Faure's visit to St. Petersburg excites no enthusiasm, and the subordination of France to Russian policy is beginning to chafe the pride of our neighbours across the Channel. They suspect that in any real crisis Russia would fail them. Certainly the diplomatic snubs inflicted by the Russian Government on M. Hanotaux in the course of the Eastern complications can be endured only with a complacency quite contrary to French traditions.

A royal visit to Ireland must take a high place among historic events. The Duke and Duchess of York are to visit Dublin during the Horse Show week in August, and the Duke will then be formally installed as Knight of St. Patrick. It is a thousand pities that royal visits to Ireland have not been recognised as indispensable to the duties of the Crown. A mistaken policy is now, we hope, to be mended once for all.

There is a nervous anxiety among some people to discover a new name for the Anglo-Saxon subjects of the Queen. One genius has hit upon "Anglicander" as suitable to inhabitants of the British Isles and of the Colonies alike. It is not probable that any Englishman or Australian will yearn to call himself an "Anglicander." Suggestions of this kind are apt to invite ridicule. Individuals may have excellent reasons for changing their names, but the alias never commends itself to nations.

Robert Francis Stonor, fourth Baron Camoys, who died at his town residence on Wednesday last week after a severe operation, was only forty-one years of age. He was one of the few Peers who have remained among Mr. Gladstone's supporters, and in that sense his death creates a gap. He was a grandson of Sir Robert Peel, whose daughter his mother was; and he succeeded to the peerage in 1831. He was President of Henley Regatta, was once in the Oxfordshire Yeomanry Cavalry, and was twice Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen. He married, in 1881, Miss Jessie Philippa Carew, of Curpenders Park, Watford, by whom he had four sons, the eldest of whom, the Hon. Ralph Julian, born in 1884, succeeds to the ancient barony.

This has been the record season for social entertainments. State and Church have combined to make it so. The largest Buckingham Palace garden-party has been followed by the largest Lambeth Palace garden-party, when the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Temple entertained on Monday afternoon an immense concourse of friends, who included the Prince and Princess of Wales and a great number of the Colonial prelates still lingering in London. Similarly, the Duchess of Devonshire's fancy-dress fête has been followed by the largest dinner-party and ball given at Londonderry House. The dinner guests, who again included the Prince and Princess of Wales, numbered seventy-eight; and two thousand invitations were issued by Lady Londonderry for the dance that followed on the dinner-party.

Admiral Maxse is distressed by the dinner to which a hundred distinguished ladies invited a corresponding number of men. For women to advertise themselves in this way is shocking to the gallant Admiral. A good woman, he says, ought to remain "obscure," or, at all events, regard any inevitable publicity as a necessary evil. The spirit of the age has greatly enlarged this conception of the individuality of woman, especially when she has to fight her own way in the world, but the spirit of the age is just the sort of offender that the Admiral would like to put in irons.

Henri Meilhac, who has lately died, was the most prosperous of all the French dramatists. The pieces which he wrote in conjunction with Ludovic Halévy had a world-wide renown. The most successful were the comic operas of which Offenbach furnished the music. "La Grande Duchesse" and "La Belle Hélène" tickled all Europe thirty years ago. They were not edifying; but the complaint that they undermined the popular respect for the French army and for classic mythology failed to check their triumphant career. Of Meilhac's comedies, "Frou-Frou" has the most enduring reputation.

Sir Harry Johnston, who lately held sway over British Central Africa, has been appointed Consul-General at

Tunis. The French are rather sensitive about that African possession of theirs. They took it on the understanding that when they had punished certain disturbers of the peace, they would withdraw. Their withdrawal seems to be as indefinite as the evacuation of Egypt by the British. Sir Harry Johnston's appointment will probably be regarded by the Paris journalists as symptomatic of another deep-laid scheme on the part of perfidious Albion.

The Rev. W. L. Watkinson, who has just been elected President of the Wesleyan Conference, is a native of

Yorkshire. He was born in Hull in 1838. While yet in his teens he qualified as a local preacher. In 1858 he offered himself as a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry, and was accepted by the Conference of the same year, and sent to Richmond Theological College. Afterwards he was appointed to Stratford-on-Avon, Hinckley, Tipton, Wednesbury, Baccup, Nottingham, Sydenham, Manchester, and other centres. In all of these towns he quickly made a reputation as a brilliant preacher and lecturer. In 1893 he was appointed to the Connexionist editorship then vacant, an office which he has filled with conspicuous ability and still holds. In 1883 he was elected a member of the Legal Conference in his native town; and in 1895 the Conference signified its appreciation of his work by appointing him its delegate to the General Conference of the United Methodist Episcopal Church of America. Early in his ministerial career the new President commenced to contribute to periodical literature. He has written extensively and on a great variety of subjects. Among his larger published books are "The Influence of Skepticism on Character," a popular work which has run through several editions; "Transfigured Sackcloth"; a clever volume in the "Preachers of the Age" Series; "Mistaken Signs," "John Wickliffe," and "The Programme of Life."

The Eton and Harrow cricket match has raised an animated dispute. The Head Master of Harrow suggested that the match should last three days instead of two, and this has provoked a storm of rebuke from champions of education, who say there are already too many interruptions of the studies of Etonians and Harrovians. Why not play the match during the holidays? Why have it at Lord's, where it is simply a "Society" parade? Parents write indignant letters about the constant inroads on the time which a schoolboy is supposed to give to his work. Indeed the extra week's holiday granted in all schools in honour of the Jubilee has excited widespread ill-feeling.

Widespread and very genuine regret has been aroused by the fatal termination of Mr. Mundella's illness, whereby a long and honourable career in the public service has been brought to an end. The bulk of the deceased statesman's life-work was probably accomplished, for he was seventy-two years of age, but it might well have been hoped that he would for many years continue to lend the weight of his authority to the great questions of Labour, Education, and Economics generally with which his name is inseparably connected. The Right Hon. Anthony John Mundella came of Italian ancestry on his father's side, but his mother was a Miss Ailsop, of Leicester, and he himself, after some years spent in the acquiring of a very varied education, became occupied in the staple trade of Nottingham, where he rose to the dignity of Town Sheriff at the early age of twenty-seven. In 1859 he originated and organised the first Board of Conciliation and Arbitration in the United Kingdom, and nine years later entered Parliament as a Liberal of advanced views, being returned by Sheffield with a confidence which remained unshaken for the following twenty-three years. Under the Redistribution Act of 1885 Mr. Mundella was returned by the Brightside Division of Sheffield, which he has since continuously represented at Westminster. From 1880 to 1885 he was Vice-President of the Council on Education, and a Charity Commissioner, and quitted those posts only to become President of the Board of Trade, which was its Labour Department and its official "Journal" to his initiative. He went out of office with Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, but was reappointed to the Presidency of the Board of Trade in 1892. He resigned, however, two years later. He was a member of sundry Royal Commissions.



Photo Arthur Neale, Nottingham.
THE REV. W. L. WATKINSON,
President of the Wesleyan Conference.



Photo Dickson, New Bond Street.
THE LATE LORD CAMOYS.

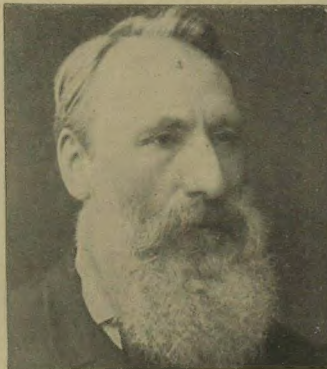


Photo Russell, Tailor Street.
THE LATE RIGHT HON. A. J. MUNDELLA, M.P.

There are curious stories about the mistakes at the Lord Chamberlain's office in regard to the Jubilee honours. Some people have received distinctions which were not intended for them. Mr. Richmond, the well-known Academician, was made a K.C.B., and it is now said that this honour, which gives the new Knight precedence of the President of the Academy, was due to an oversight. In such matters oversights cannot be rectified. So the accidental K.C.B. moults no feather.

Lord Wemyss kindly abandoned his intention of moving the rejection of the Workmen's Compensation Bill in the Lords on the second reading. The explanation of this change of mind is curious, for Lord Wemyss reserves his right to move that the Bill be not read a third time. The distinction is one of those things which only a member of the Liberty and Property Defence League can be expected to understand.

Herr André has gone up in his balloon, and his adventure towards the North Pole is the subject of rather mournful speculation in the geographical world. It is feared that, even if he should approach the Pole, perverse winds will blow him across it when he is unconscious that the great goal is beneath him. Altogether this is, from the scientific point of view, the least promising of all the Arctic expeditions, but it is also the most audacious, and everybody with a spark of romance hopes that the audacity will be rewarded.

Mr. A. J. Newton, J.P., the well-known chairman of Harrod's Stores, has added to his various responsibilities by accepting a seat on the Board of "Rosbach Springs," Limited.

We are glad to see that an effort is being made to preserve Wimbledon Park from the hands of the speculative builder, and we wish every success to the Wimbledon National Sports Club, which is being founded for the purpose of acquiring the land (107 acres), with its well-known lake and picturesque surroundings. From the little prospectus which has been shown to us we notice that subscriptions are to be invited for £25,000 four per cent. mortgage debentures, secured on the freehold, and 20,000 six per cent. preference shares of £1 each. The price to be paid for the land (£24,000), it appears to us, a very reasonable one, especially as £10,000 is to be satisfied by the allotment of that sum in ordinary shares ranking after all the public money both as to capital and interest. The debentures should be an excellent security for anyone's money and may well be taken for investment purposes; while in such a rich suburb as Wimbledon there must surely be enough persons to subscribe the preference shares interested in preserving so valuable a piece of open recreation ground, and thereby preserving the value of their own house property, to say nothing of the very reasonable prospect of a respectable profit being made upon their speculation.

MUSIC.

The season indeed draws near to its end. The Opera Syndicate, with the glee of schoolboys looking forward to the holidays, have begun to mark their programmes with such headlines as "nine more performances," "eight more performances," and so forth—the opera season closing, as a matter of fact, on July 28. One or two interesting concerts are announced, but they come wide apart and stand very solitary. Still, the opera has not been dead, and its chief glory during the past few days has been the repetition of Mozart's two great operas, the first performances of which have already been mentioned in these columns. In this respect the Covent Garden management deserves the highest possible praise, showing hereby a certain determination to postpone popularity to art, which is altogether praiseworthy and admirable.

The second performance of "Le Nozze di Figaro" was more delightful than the first. Miss Clementine de Vere, who before seemed rather too small for the part, proved that that impression was due entirely to her nervousness; for, with increased self-confidence and a more assured sense of her position upon a novel stage, she improved wonderfully, both in power and in versatility. On all hands, too, a similar sentiment was apparent on the stage, making it appear suspiciously as if the first performance had been something not very different from a glorified dress-rehearsal. It is true that Madame Eames's rendering of the part of the Countess could not easily have been bettered, but even her singing of the "Dove Sono" seemed more poignant, more perfect. M. Edouard de Reszke's Almaviva was as impressive as ever, and Miss Zélie de Lussan was, as before, a charming Cherubino. Mr. Bandegger conducted, not quite in his best manner—his use of his foot in beating time does not always conduce to peace—and the prompter should really be in large part suppressed. There can be no advantage to overbalance so deadly monotonous a sound as this, which always takes the edge off the first bars of a singer's recitative or song. These little points apart, the performance was brilliant.

The repetition of "Dor Giovanni" was another feather in the Syndicate's operatic cap, and though it went very well indeed in parts, it was not by any means as brilliant an achievement as that of "Le Nozze." In the first place the sopranos were distinctly poor. Madame Adiny, who, on a first impression scarcely showed symptoms of understanding very keenly how to sing Mozart, did not mend matters on a second hearing. The pity of the thing can be tested by remembering that she took the part of Donna Anna. Miss Macintyre, again, was curiously at sea; her Elsa is a triumph compared to her Donna Elvira; the music of whose part she clearly found too difficult for her, while, so far as the drama went, she scarcely seemed to understand her place in the play at all. On the other hand, you had two delightful groups in Renaud's Don and in Fugère's Leporello, in Gilbert's Mazetto, and Miss Margaret Reid's Zerlina. Miss Reid having taken Miss de Lussan's place on the occasion of the second performance, and doing the part very well. These singers redeemed the situation, and indicated with considerable success the splendour of Mozart's great inspiration. Mr. Dolmetsch's harpsichord playing for the recitative *ecce* was admirable, for, indeed, in spite of silly talk, he has no rival upon this instrument, at all events in England.

THE LATE MISS JEAN INGELOW.

Jean Ingelow was born in Boston, but not in the Boston that knows her best. The little Lincolnshire town of her nativity has few readers of poetry within its sleepy, agricultural borders, whereas the New England Boston, which borrowed its name from Lincolnshire, gave her some of her first and firmest admirers. Of the criticisms of her second book which she most valued, one was from the Boston *Literary World* and another from the Boston *Courier*. Perhaps no fame was more immediately made than hers. She was slow to publish her verses, silent through her teens and through all her twenties. Her first acknowledged volume appeared in 1863; and in a month she had taken her place as a popular poet. Five years later "The Story of Doom, and Other Poems" confirmed her reputation, not merely among critics, but with that enigmatical class, the general reader. She could boast her twenty-third edition, and her *édition de luxe*. Her songs were sung in every home. She was domestic and she was religious. She was fluent and easy, yet no one could deny her the qualities of grace and force. She was dramatic, as the close of her "Story of Doom" showed; and she was lyrical to a haunting degree, in such verses as—

An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of bloom;
We, too, among them, wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Miss Ingelow had a note of her own—a note which has not been taken away from her. The vocabulary of "fair doves," of "fond doves," of "white breasts," and so on, may have been done to death; but to Miss Ingelow will remain the credit of having in many ways been the leader of a certain æsthetic quality in modern verse. It was by its quality, rather than by its power, that this note of hers kept the listening ear of the public. Then, again, her subjects were nearly always interesting; and they were varied. The story of Noah was as proper to her hand as was the Winstanley Lighthouse ballad. "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire" was her own high-water mark; and she was particularly happy in the kind of pastoral poem of which "Reflections" may be taken as the type. These reflections are seen and made by one looking over a gate at a pool in a field—

This lovely world, the hills, the sward—
They all look fresh, as if our Lord
But yesterday had finished them.

Upon the surface of the pool she sees the fitting reflection of a milkmaid with her pail—

There, neither slowly nor in haste,
One hand upon her slender waist,
The other lifted to her pail;
She, rosy in the morning light,
Among the water-daisies white,
Like some fair sloop—appeared to sail.
Against her ankles as she trod
The lucky buttercup did nod.
I leaned upon the gate to see:
The sweet thing looked, but did not speak;
A dimple came in either cheek,
And all my heart was gone from me.

In her "Poems" (third series), Miss Ingelow maintained the reputation won by the earlier volumes, without, perhaps, greatly extending it. In that volume was "Echo and the Ferry," with its very ingenious verse-endings, of which one specimen may give the clinging character—

For gladness I break into laughter
And tears. Then it all comes again as from
far-away years;
Again, someone else—oh, how softly!—with
laughter comes after,
Comes after—with laughter comes after.

In "Divided" (parodied by Calverley), in "Requiescat in Pace" (parodied by Mr. Swinburne, whose praises must have a little perplexed as well as delighted the poetess), in the song "When sparrows build and leaves break forth," and in numbers of other pieces, individually the special favourites of different readers, Miss Ingelow achieved no light triumphs. They illustrate her originality, for original she was, despite the influence which Tennyson exercised over her expression, especially in her blank verse. More than two hundred thousand copies of her poems have sold in America; and her literary associations with Tennyson received an addition at the time of his death by the wish, expressed in many American newspapers, that she should be his successor in the Laureateship.

Miss Ingelow was, besides, a voluminous writer of prose, one of her novels—if that is not too frivolous a name—"Off the Skelligs," overflowing into a fourth volume. The titles of other books of hers are "Mopsa the Fairy," "Little Wonder Book," "Sarah de Berenger," "Stories Told to a Child," "Studies for Stories," "Don John," and "Fated to be Free."

Though born in Lincolnshire, Miss Ingelow lived in Suffolk for some time, where her father followed his profession of banker at Ipswich. But her recent years were spent in London; and, until illness lately secluded her, she saw a certain amount of literary society at her little house and garden in Holland Villas Road, Kensington. Though an æsthetic writer, and the singer of "Wedlock," she was, as she appeared to those who saw her in recent years, a particularly prim old maid. Her principles were firm and were benignant. She was old-fashioned in her ways as in her dress. The devotion of a brother was probably that for which she had most care in her mature life. For fame she had no hunger. She never wrote without a purpose, and that purpose was always a high one. Her long illness ended at last in simple exhaustion, which left her no strength but to welcome death with all her heart when at last it came.

PARLIAMENT.

The Workmen's Compensation Bill has reached the Upper House, where the debate on the second reading is a preliminary skirmish, for the real tug-of-war will come in Committee. Lord Londonderry hopes to eliminate some of the provisions which caused a revolt in the Ministerial ranks in the House of Commons. The most interesting incident in the Lords was the difference of opinion between Lord Salisbury and the Duke of Devonshire over a scheme for which the Education Department was responsible. This related to a school at Denbigh, managed under Howell's Charity, a bequest dating back to the sixteenth century. The Bishop of St. Asaph invited the Lords to upset a scheme proposed by the Charity Commissioners and approved by the Duke of Devonshire, the responsible Minister of the Education Office. The Bishop's plea was that the scheme would destroy the Anglican character of the school. Lord Herschell contended that the charity was not originally designed for the benefit of the Church of England, and that another school, supported out of the same fund at Llandaff, was administered on the lines laid down by the Commissioners. The Duke of Devonshire took the same view, but Lord Salisbury repudiated this, and secured a majority against his own colleagues. In the House of Commons a warm debate sprang from the summons of Mr. John Kirkwood to the bar. Mr. Kirkwood was a refractory witness reported to the House by the Committee of Inquiry into Money-Lending. The contrast between the severity shown to

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen has written to the Home Secretary a letter, which is more personal than official in its feeling, to say how "truly touched and grateful" she is "for the spontaneous and universal outburst of loyal attachment and real affection" she has experienced on the occasion of her Jubilee. Her Majesty adds: "It is indeed gratifying, after so many years of labour and anxiety for the good of my beloved country, to find that my exertions have been appreciated throughout my vast Empire."

The Queen is settling down into the ordinary routine of daily life again. On Monday she was able to receive the Marquis of Salisbury for the transaction of ordinary affairs of State. The Prime Minister dined and slept at the Castle that night.

The Prince and Princess of Wales attended the Sandown Park Meeting on July 16, and there witnessed the victory of his Royal Highness's horse Persimmon in the Eclipse Stakes. On the following day the Prince occupied the chair at the annual assembly of the Royal College of Music, which was this year held at Marlborough House.

The Prince of Wales was on Monday admitted, at Marlborough House, to the Honorary Fellowship of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

The great strike in the engineering trade continues. The total number of men estimated to be out of work by the end of last week from the combined causes of the lock-out and strike was upwards of twenty-four thousand, and some twenty thousand pounds had already been paid away in strike wages by the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and the allied Unions.

There was a large gathering at the Women's Institute in Grosvenor Crescent on Monday last for the discussion of the proposed National Council of Women for the United Kingdom. The formation of a new council of the kind was eventually discarded in favour of a scheme for placing its work in the hands of the already established National Union of Women Workers. The chair was taken by Lady Aberdeen.

An important addition to "the lungs of London" was made on Tuesday last, when the old parish churchyard of St. Matthew, Bethnal Green, was opened to the public as a recreation-ground. The inaugural ceremony was fittingly performed by the Earl of Meath, who is not only the President of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, but has himself contributed the necessary funds for the laying-out of the ground as a garden.

Three of the Colonial Premiers, Sir Wilfrid Laurier (Canada), Sir J. Gordon Sprigg (Cape Colony), and the Right Hon. G. H. Reid (New South Wales) have been paying a visit to Paris before their return home, and were there entertained, on Monday last, at a banquet given in their honour by the British Chamber of Commerce at the Champs Elysées Gallery. Unfortunately Sir Edmund Monson, her Majesty's Ambassador in Paris, was unable to be present owing to a sudden illness, from which he is now, however, making a satisfactory recovery.

The deadlock between the Powers and the Porte at Constantinople seems scarcely likely, as we go to press, to be solved by any means other than those of resolute and active coercion. The long delay of the Sultan to accede to the demands of the Ambassadors had at the beginning of the week led only to the presentation of a fresh treaty by the Porte, by which Turkey was to gain the whole of the Turnavo and Vale of Tempe districts of Thessaly, with the river Peneios as the boundary line, and receive as indemnity for the late war half a million more than was originally decreed by the Powers. Meanwhile the state of affairs in Crete is becoming very serious again, owing to the constant outbreaks of violence between Turkish Bashibazouks and the Christians, and the growing insolence of the Mohammedan population in Canak under the continued trifling of the Sultan with the Powers.

According to information received at Spitzbergen, Herr André, the Swedish aeronaut, who is making a daring attempt to cross the North Polar region in a balloon, ascended from Danes Island on July 11, and it was hoped by experts that, if the meteorological conditions continued to be favourable to the balloon's voyage, the Pole would be gained in about twelve days. Both English and Russian steamers have journeyed to the coast of Northern Siberia on the lookout for any signs of the balloon-travellers.

The men who were submerged in the recent mud rush at the Kimberley De Beers mine have now been rescued alive, all save one European and one native miner, who perished before help could reach them.

Mr. Neubronner, the Government Treasurer of North Borneo, who was kidnapped by Mat Salleh and his rebel followers, has been rescued by Mr. Godfrey Hewett and his expedition. Several of the insurgents' villages have been burned, and a severe lesson given to the rebels, generally without any loss of life on the part of the punitive expedition.

Great excitement still prevails over the extensive gold discoveries on the Klondike fields, and crowds of gold-diggers arrive there daily. A report was circulated that the Klondike gold-fields were in disputed territory, but it has now been proved that this rich district is mainly in British territory, although the auriferous land reaches beyond the doubtful Alaskan boundary. The Canadians are resenting the great influx of Americans in search of gold, and Government restrictions on the invasion are freely urged.

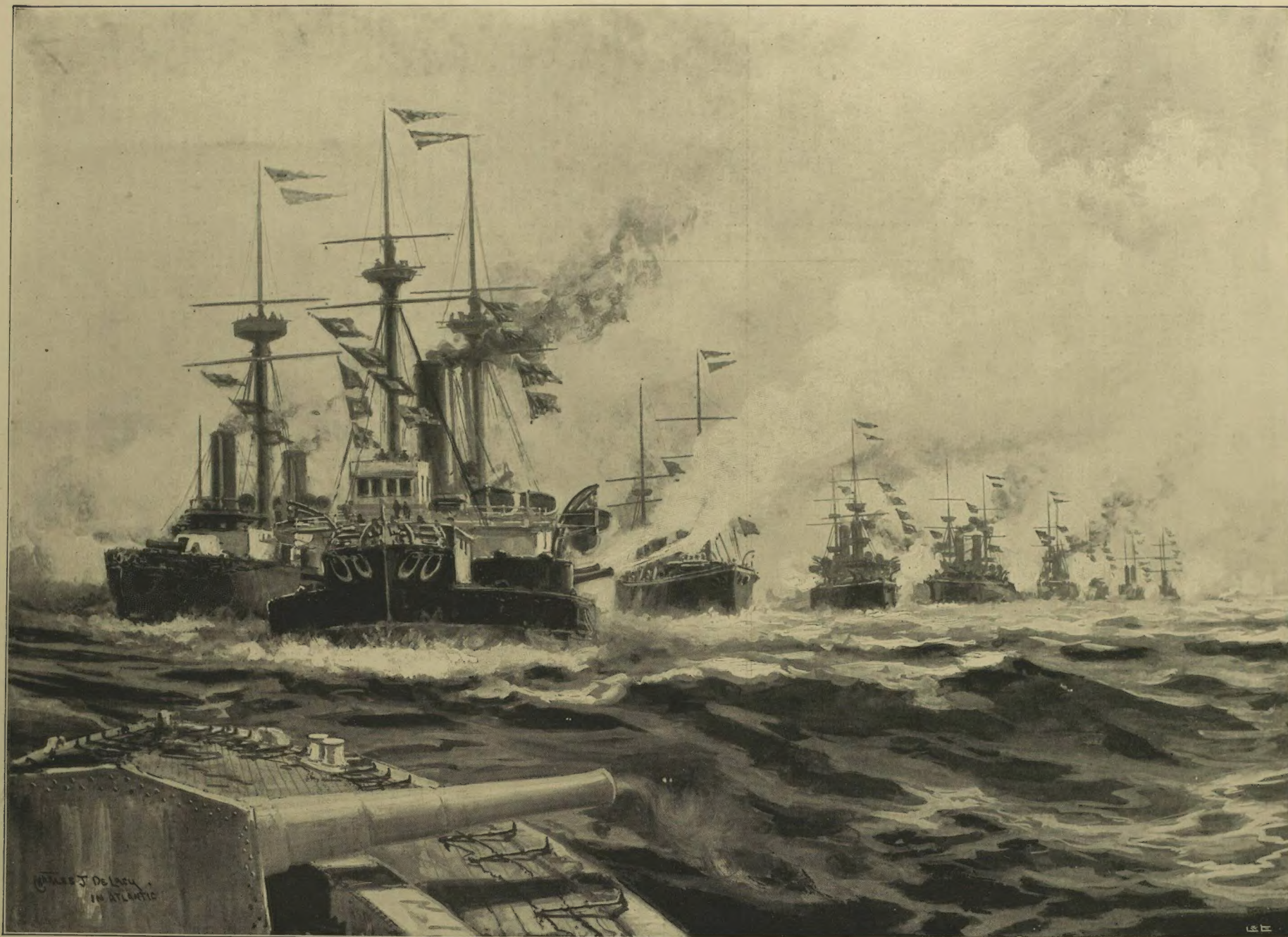


Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

THE LATE MISS JEAN INGELOW.

Mr. Kirkwood and the refusal of the South Africa Committee to report Mr. Hawksley for declining to give up certain telegrams provoked some members of the Opposition to a demonstration, which was checked by the Speaker. Mr. Courtney asked whether the House was debarred from commenting on the Hawksley case because the South Africa Committee had not reported him, and Mr. Gully replied that such was his ruling. Mr. Balfour intimated that a debate on the findings of the Committee was undesirable, but a few days later he consented to give time for a discussion, provided that a definite resolution were moved. This was after a fiery attack on Mr. Rhodes by Mr. Arnold-Forster, who took the opportunity of the Colonial vote on the Estimates to raise the question. Mr. Balfour alluded to the unwillingness of the Front Opposition Bench to press the matter any further, and Sir William Harcourt replied by asking for a day. This reluctance of the leaders on both sides to probe the enigmatical conduct of the Committee remains a mystery.

A striking article in the *Quarterly Review* points to the rooted enmity of Germany to England, and the danger of a Franco-German alliance to do us mischief. The writer states that everything is done now to influence German animosity against this country, that Germany must eventually have a powerful navy, and that a partition of our Colonies between Germany and France may justify German statesmen in surrendering Alsace and Lorraine. All this seems rather remote, but the *Quarterly*, once a fierce opponent of Russian policy, now declares that an Anglo-Russian alliance is essential to British interests.



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: THE FLEET AT TARGET PRACTICE IN THE ATLANTIC.

Drawn by our Special Artist with the Fleet, Mr. C. J. de Lacy.



THE SERENADE.



ILLUSTRATED BY G. MONTBARD.

IT was long past sundown when I camped on the roadside in the Rogue River Valley, and the sky was full of the afterglow, and the Siskyou Range was gleaming. Other tramps had used the nearer wood, but I scraped up enough to light a fire and boil some water for tea. I had a little mutton and some bread to eat, and I gulped it down miserably. What was I doing in such a place? And what was my place in the universe? I yearned terribly for someone to speak to—even a common tramp of the usual order would have helped me in my mood that night.

But as the afterglow faded, and the stars arose from the east, and the crests of the Siskyou became mere sharp mountain forms against the sky, the silence was oppressive. It was warm and very still, and the subdued hum of the unseen insect world accentuated the depth of silence on the human earth. My nerves were on edge; the howl of a chained dog on a distant farm made me start from a waking dream. I threw more wood on my fire, and, unrolling my blankets, I lay down.

Perhaps I had been asleep no more than a few minutes when I awoke suddenly, finding that I had rolled over with my back to the blazing logs. But I was conscious even then that I was not alone, and, with the instinct of suspicion alight in me, I slid my hand to the butt of my pistol and rolled over as though still asleep. I saw a man sitting on the opposite side of my fire with his hands locked round his knees. He was staring into the embers with a far-off look in his gleaming eyes. No more utterly melancholy face had ever fronted mine. I watched for more than a minute before he became conscious that I was awake.

"I hope I haven't disturbed you, partner," he said, apologetically. "But it was chilly, and I hadn't any matches, and I'm getting old—getting old."

He murmured the last words to himself.

"That's all right, sonny," I answered, "you're welcome to so much."

"I was going to borrow a lighted stick and make a fire for myself. I've scraped up some wood just yonder."

"Bring it here, then," said I. "One big fire is better than two small ones."

And the old chap rose. He was long and thin and haggard, with the bowed shoulders of ancient and continued toil; he walked as though greatly fatigued. He came back in a minute with his arms full of sticks, and putting some of them on the embers, he sat

down again. I was wide awake now and got up.

"Don't——" he began. But I stopped him.

"My tongue's rusty. I want to talk. You struck a bad streak of luck some time ago, old man, eh?"

"I did, partner. I'm an accursed man."

Ah, then he was mad! But that's not an odd thing in the United States' standing army of tramps—not odd at all. Is it strange that toil and want and misery should drive some of those crazy who have not the strength to meet the bitter newer order of civilisation, who are crushed by competition and the good law that yields Beelzebub his tribute of laggards and weaklings?

I heated up the tea again. He drank the warm infusion of this commercial herb, which knew not China or Ceylon, with great eagerness, and thanked me most humbly. I felt encouraged, for I was not so low down, and suppressing my anxiety as to the morrow, I kindly bestowed upon him the remains of a sheep-bone and a crust. There are many orders among outcasts.

"You are a good sort," he told me. I denied it savagely.

"I'm nothing of the kind, old man. Don't give me any such slush, or you can shift your camp. Good! Why, I'd like to cut the throats of some men."

He shrank down as though I had struck him.

"Don't," he said. "I felt that way myself once. But I repent."

"Did you do it?"

"Do what, partner?"

"Cut any man's throat?"

He shook his head and smiled wanly.

"I think I did worse, partner. May I tell you? I like to tell it sometimes."

"Wait till I fill my pipe," I answered. "Have you one?"

He produced a clay and lighted it.

"But perhaps you want to sleep?"

I shook my head.

"Fire away, sonny."

But at first he could not talk. He began whittling a stick, and muttered to himself. Perhaps he imagined that he was speaking aloud, for when I did catch what he was saying he was in the middle of a sentence.

"And so I took it over, paid for it, and took it over with the mortgage on it. And I worked hard. It wasn't much of a place then, but there was the water to irrigate it. I planted more oranges, and made a vineyard myself. I did it all, all, and God knows how I slaved and worked on it. All the men about the country said I was a hard, hard man. But I didn't think I was. Perhaps I made others work, but didn't I work myself? Hadn't I worked in Iowa for ten dollars a month, and in Oregon for twenty, all those years before I went down South to San Diego and put my money into this fruit ranch? Of course I had. Oh! but not so hard as I worked there when I worked for a place to bring my wife and child to from the East. Because I wanted them bad, and she hadn't been used to rough it, for she was daughter to a locomotive engineer in Minnesota, and her mother had a farm, the only one for miles without a mortgage on it. I've read of folks saying how lucky farmers are in the United States, because they mostly don't pay rent. No, but they pay interest. As I know, as I know.

"But as I was telling. I worked for five years on my ranch, and then things was in shape. I see'd the trees grow that I'd planted, and my heart was in it all. And every orange and every pear or grape was part of me. They was all my children. And perhaps, partner, you never owned no land. But even so you've travelled, and the big desire has come over you to settle down, and put your feet deep in a bit of God's broad, good earth, saying, 'This is my little share, given me to make it fruitful.' For a man has, so to speak, and I've thought it out often, two wives—a woman and a bit of the earth. But when a man takes a hull country or half a State it ain't according to my morality. It seems wicked. For there's fine men with none. And their strength is nought. They have no children out of the earth."

He dropped his pipe and stood up, and now he seemed to forget me, speaking to the air and the broad lands of that beautiful valley and the everlasting hills.

"But when five years was past and done, I had the house in shape, and the trees were full of fruit and the young orchards promising. And then I sent for Carrie and the child. So I had my good wife and the baby as was no baby now, but a growing girl like a fine young tree. For them I worked harder, and I was always level, if not more. Sometimes it was a real bit more, but of course the interest of the mortgage was heavy. And may the inventors of such be accursed, even as I am.

"For though a man without leeches sucking his blood may abide a bad season accordin' to his strength, and wait for the good return, which is God's gift to them as can endure His chastisement, it is not so when he works one hour for himself and ten for a sucking spider in a web of law in a city office. And a bad season came, and I was behind my bond with the spider, and on the added interest he took ten more per cent. To each dollar added to his account he added more, till no good season could straighten me out again. And every bright day was heavy with clouds for me, and my best hope was dried up, like a tree dying with the scale.

"And now after five more years the time came when my wife's very keep, for she wasn't as strong as some, and the two girls, for there was another, seemed too much. I thought perhaps if she went back East again I could hire a man or a boy and get straight again. And I sent her back, with money as I borrowed, one hundred dollars only, but they cost me ten each year.

"And I lived, God knows how! for I don't, because the long days was a bad dream, I felt that lonely. I was sorry at times that I'd ever come on land that the law called my own. But I hankered after it, and the smell of it. And time and time again I dreamed it was all my own, and free of interest, and I woke up crying tears of joy in a joyless house that wasn't mine. And the trees that seemed to know me were my children, and now when I walk, I see the sun in the orange-grove and smell the smell of the white blossoms, and my heart is sick with desire. But there aren't any trees there now.

"Perhaps there might have been if it hadn't been that the old lawyer, as lent the young lawyer money to lend to me on the land I'd made, came up to take a look at the land as was mostly his. And that's why I say I wanted once to cut a man's throat. For when I showed him round, and was civil to him, and spoke him fair, I could have caught him by his fat throat and got him down and choked him. For he'd never really worked, and he was fat and soft, with a heavy jowl, and his father had been a railroad man with lots of money. And this man he says to me, but yet more to himself: 'If so be there was a good house built it would be a lovely place.' And then he took a drink of wine and rode away in his buggy, going soft and comfortable, as I went back mad to prune vines and scrape off scale, and see to things just as if I was a

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

hired man, with all the little profits leaking out and coming up in a spring in a town office with a gang of uncivil boys in it, learning the devil's work.

"That night as I laid in bed I knowed as well as if I'd heard him say it, that if I was a dollar behind, I'd be squeezed out even before the clause, that gave 'em power to foreclose unless the hull principal was paid, came in force. For they that drew the mortgage knew how to draw it, and I signed it like an innocent. For the money I wanted was honey on a bear-trap, and they had me tight.

"And, of course, as is the nature of things once in so many years, there came a bad season, frost and a big wind, that nipped me and drove me out like chaff. And I walked among my planted trees, and on the earth I'd turned over for years to give it the sun and air, and I was mad. For I heard the trees speak, and the wind in the orange grove was like a voice. And I went in and gave the hired man his money, and told him to go quick. And he ran, for he was afraid, and said things of me in town. But I was glad the wife and the children were away. Because just then I read in an Eastern paper how a ruined man had killed his own wife and children, and I knew well how it happened.

"I feared to go for my letters because I was behind and couldn't get up with these spiders. And so the notice of foreclosure came. And that day I neither worked nor ate, but I sat in the house thinking of the dead man in New York that had killed his own. I wondered how it was, in the dark working of things, that such was allowed, and here was all my years of sober heavy work going over to a man who sat and cried out kindly that he would help them that wanted it, and not be hard. And he gave money to churches, and was praised in the San Diego paper that he owned shares in, till his name was spoken of in San Francisco, and some said he should be a Senator.

"And the day passed and it was noon, and then I went out and saw the sun get behind the orange-trees that I had seen grow, and it was very beautiful. But my heart was dried up; I only felt like a man accursed, and a devil and a sinner not to be forgiven. And I took my axe and sharpened it till I could shave a big slice of horn off the palm of my hand, just as the sun was like blood on the foot hills west of me. And God's light went wholly out of me. I took the axe into my orange grove, and I destroyed all the trees. Some I cut down and some I barked, and the young olives I destroyed and what I could of the vineyard. For I worked all night by the light of the moon till the dawn came, but even then I was not tired—no, nor did I feel I had done ought to tire me. And when the dawn came up, I fired my house and the stable I had built, and I took my horse out which I had trained and broken, but was no longer mine. And I shot it there, yes, I shot it; and I watched its blood flow on the heavy dust, and I did not care one bit nor was I sorry.

"Then I put on my hat and walked up into the hills for fear folks should come. For folks who had not harmed me I did not want to harm, though I did not love them, any more than I loved them my wife and my girls in the East. And I know if I met a man and had the axe in my hand I should kill him.

"And I walked for three days, so far as I know without food, and when I came to myself I was far away. Then

I knew I had done a most evil thing, a thing hated by God. For I saw what a small thing I was, and I knew that the work of a man was for men, and not for himself, and I knew that no man can work for himself. I saw that the lawyer could not have kept what he took. He, too, must have died, but still my beautiful trees would have been fruitful. And I had killed them, and by doing that I had destroyed a great part of myself. I bowed my head in the dust, and a great anguish came over me.

"For if my orchards and my vineyards and my groves had still been fruitful I could have said to myself, 'You have worked and have been rewarded, if not as you desired.'



I took the axe into my orange grove, and I destroyed all the trees.

But now my life was barren, and my labour wasted, and no greater anguish can smite any man. All the years had gone down beyond the sun, and in the night of my oblige I have no consolation, and I can work no more. For ever and ever as I walk and tramp I see what I did, and if I could only undo it I would die happy. But it cannot be done. It cannot be done. And I am an old man—an old, old man. I want to go home."

His voice trailed off into a whisper, and he sat down and hugged his knees, staring into my dying fire.

And for a long time I did not speak. He was a very strange old man. But I gave him some tobacco, and he thanked me gently. I asked him if his wife was yet alive.

But he said that he did not know.

THE END.

The Church papers are dealing with the forthcoming School Board Election in London. They are asking that Churchmen should vote for no candidate who will not pledge himself to introduce the Apostles' Creed into the religious syllabus of the London School Board. They also insist that every candidate should pledge himself to secure as far as possible that every child who attends the schools shall have the opportunity of attending denominational religious instruction conducted by accredited teachers of his own denomination—this result to be secured either by means of separate class-rooms or by time arrangements. There is manifestly a certain want of harmony amongst Churchmen themselves, and it is doubtful how far the laity may be willing to go.

Much interest has been roused by the publication of the Logia, or Sayings of Our Lord, from an early Greek papyrus. It is, perhaps, too soon to speak positively, but I think the general opinion of scholars is that nothing has been added to the genuine words of Jesus. It seems to be forgotten that there are other sayings of Christ, unrecorded in the New Testament, some of which may more plausibly be called authentic, but none of which has secured general acceptance in the Church.

Her Majesty gave great pleasure to the Nonconformist ministers who presented an address to her. She received them with unusual cordiality, and beamed and smiled as the addresses were made. She has been invariably kind to Nonconformists, and, as all the world knows, attends in Scotland the Presbyterian Church.

Mr. John Lomas has resigned the editorship of the *Anglican Church Magazine*.

The programme of the Nottingham Church Congress has been issued. It is not of much popular interest, but there are some attractive features. Mr. W. B. Richmond, R.A., is to speak on Architectural and Decorative Art in the Service of the Church; the Bishop of Lincoln on Individual Life and Prayer; and the Rev. H. C. G. Moule on the Evangelical Movement. Sir Henry Demrose, M.P., is to speak on the Queen Victoria Clergy Sustentation Fund. On this fund there is some difference of opinion, many of the laity thinking that any fund of this nature should be applied rather to the relief of the indigent clergy than to the augmentation of small livings. The fund makes slow progress week by week.

The British and Foreign Bible Society held a reception lately at the Bible House, at which the Archbishop of Canterbury and many of the Bishops attending the Lambeth Conference were present. About 6000 fresh copies of Bibles, Testaments, or separate books of Holy Scripture go forth into the world from the warehouse of the society every full working day of the year. This number is irrespective of the daily issue of 7000 more copies effected in countries abroad. The chairman of the committee, Mr. Caleb R. Kemp, presided. He is a member of the

Society of Friends. The Bishop of Minnesota said in connection with this that he owed a debt of gratitude to the Society of Friends that he owed to no one else, for through all the course of the United States they had never failed to be a friend of the red man.

The Bishop of London proposes to economise his time by taking confirmations in groups. Disappointment is expressed at this, as it is a matter of experience that since the Bishops adopted the practice of holding confirmations for each parish separately, there has been a very large increase in the number of candidates.

The Church Association has presented a memorial to her Majesty the Queen protesting against the action of the two Archbishops "in taking upon themselves to address the heads of the Latin and Greek Churches." It is curious that among the members of the Church Association are many gallant Admirals and Generals.

V.



THE LADIES' CHALLENGE PLATE: EMMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, BEATING CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.



THE LADIES' CHALLENGE PLATE: ETON BEATING KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.



THE LADIES' CHALLENGE PLATE FINAL: ETON BEATING EMMANUEL COLLEGE
IN THE RECORD TIME OF 7 MIN. 1 4-5 SEC.



THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP: NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD, BEATING TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON'S TIDEWAY.—Drawn by G. Montbard.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

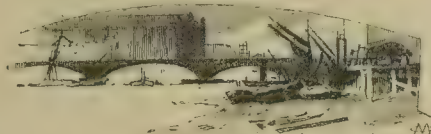
That full appreciation of the Thames from the Tower of London, say, to the Tower of Westminster, which stirs the blood of every lover of London town, comes to one so slowly and after so many voyages on the great tideway,



WINCHESTER WHARF, CLINK STREET.

that it might be regarded as a wholly acquired taste. The secret really lies in that variety of scene which M. Montbard has suggested in his sketches; and in the beginning this puzzles and even irritates, until familiarity with the stream has resulted in that singleness of view which finds the spirit of beauty dominant after all. St. Paul's, viewed from any point, dazzles from the very first; the Victoria Embankment, with its ample sweep and its lines of trees, and palaces in the rear, needs no second glance to make its splendour understandable. The odd nooks and corners are unmistakably picturesque; but the south bank is not easy to accept. London is one; yet the dark river forms a boundary line between two shires which no commission has to delimit. Middlesex has a large, opulent character of its own, coming down to the water's edge in the fullness of such architectural achievements as the Metropolis can boast. The grey old Tower has an irrevocable

grandeur which no subsequent form of the designer's art can eclipse. St. Paul's looms inevitably in view from every point. The spires of Wren's ecclesiastical masterpieces rise airy above a forest of chimneys; indeed, the entire bank tells a well-ordered story of historic romance, where every street is familiar, where many a building is world-famous. Cross the river into Surrey, and you enter a dreary desert of mean streets, of dull, depressing dwellings, so uniform in their ugliness that you wonder life is possible at all. The "Surrey side," "transpontine"—such be the epithets, redolent of contempt to the accustomed ear, which mark the southern bank of the river boundary; and yet it, too, appeals to the imagination. Has not Mr. Robert Bridges sang "the deserted wharves and vacant sheds, with empty boats and barges moored along"? And has he not been stirred by houses which were "windowless, neglected, and awry, with tottering eaves and crooked chimney-stacks"? The unkempt character of it all—the



UNDER BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.

gaunt derricks, the clumsy barges, the great cañon-like stores with the dangling chains on the topmost storey, and the mud lapping the piles of the projecting wharf—these things belong to a different age from that in which the Embankment rose, and which saw the miracle of the Tower Bridge, dwarfing that other Tower round which English history centres. And yet that Surrey bank by which the river, "jaded and forlorn, welters and wanders wearily, wretchedly on," only creates a finer sense of contrast, and heightens the varied views of the tideway. This, perhaps, reaches its climax in Cleopatra's Needle, with its indelible traces of another age and of a great

characteristic interest, regarded either as studies in architecture or from that human standpoint which makes the ceaseless hurrying crowd that crosses from shire to shire perpetually fascinating. That the architecture is something to be proud of, we have the authority of distinguished foreign critics for believing; so that, though Waterloo Bridge was named to commemorate our victory over the French, it has been left to a Frenchman to describe it as a "colossal monument worthy of Sesostris and the Cæsars." Hood has immortalised it as his Bridge of Sighs, just



THE BREWERS ARMS, SIX HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

as Wordsworth made the Westminster Bridge of an earlier period famous. Dr. Johnson, again, brought his intense love of London down to the point of battling in the *Gazetteer* over the question whether semi-circular or elliptical arches should be adopted. He favoured the former—not, perhaps, on account of any architectural predilections of his own, but because his friend Gwyn advocated it, while Mylne, the opposing architect, was a Scot. The Tower Bridge itself is too new to claim its place in literary history, but it shows the



CHARING CROSS BRIDGE FROM THE FLOATING FIRE STATION.

people. Mr. Lang felt all its force when he wrote his ballade—

What King may deem him more than man?
What Priest says Faith can time resist,
While *this* endures to mark their span—
This monument of London mist?

M. Montbard has rightly devoted his attention to the bridges that span the river, for one and all possess a



OLD BARGE HOUSE AND WHARF BETWEEN WATERLOO BRIDGE AND BLACKFRIARS.



ST. PAUL'S AND LONDON BRIDGE FROM THE RIVER.

L O N D O N ' S T I D E W A Y .



FROM UNDER CHARING CROSS RAILWAY BRIDGE.

latest advances of engineering, although it may be questioned whether the principle on which it was built has met the exigencies of the case. This bridge, of course, was intended to meet the demands of the river traffic, the drawbridge rising to allow of tall masts passing beneath; but shipping has shown a disinclination to wait even for this process, so that the forest of masts which was such a rare delight to Turner will gradually be driven farther down the river, and the passengers on the bridges will not have the privilege of seeing the larger class of craft ploughing up and down in the stream below. It is to obviate this difficulty that the method of tunnelling the Thames which has been such a success at Blackwall will be further resorted to in the future, and the day may even come when the railway bridges—notably that at Blackfriars—will be abolished in all their cast-iron hideousness, and trains will hurry from shire to shire



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

beneath the bed of the river. Indeed, the administration of a tideway like the Thames is a great undertaking, involving ever new solutions of many problems. But to-day it is something to think that the river is returning to that purer state which it knew before London became the capital of the world. Every year sees a distinct improvement in this respect, so that the noble river is not the vast sewage stream into which it had been converted by reason of the enormous growth of the population on its historic banks. The governing bodies of the capital have directed their energies to no better purpose than this, for the question is not merely one of aesthetics; it goes to the very root of that solicitude for good health which has been characteristic of the era in which we live. Altogether, the chances for enhancing the beauty of London's mighty tideway have been enormously increased.

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LONDON BRIDGE FROM THE TOWER BRIDGE.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Last week, at the Durham Assizes, Armstrong, one of the three men who robbed the Sunderland Bank in March, was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. As far as I can make out from a condensed report of the trial, Armstrong's two confederates are still at large. It would be childish, indeed, to withhold from the London detectives who captured Armstrong the just praise due to them for their courage; but it would be equally foolish to close one's eyes to the fact that, had their mode of procedure been different, at least one of Armstrong's confederates would have stood in the dock beside him. It is but fair to say that after a consultation with Mr. Ralph Ord, the bank manager's son, Mr. Kaines and several other Sunderland witnesses, the detectives knew at once whom to look for. This, after all, is the A B C of their profession. Ignorance in this respect would have reduced them to the level of the ordinary constable, because the prologue to the robbery, as narrated by the witnesses just mentioned, could leave no doubt in the detectives' minds that they were dealing with old and seasoned practitioners.

Nevertheless, more than three months went by before the detectives came up with their quarry, and then the attempt to arrest them was performed under conditions which made success extremely problematical. I am not at all surprised at Smith's (alias Thompson) escape; if anything, I am astonished at Armstrong having been taken. Had the gang of roughs which rescued his "pal" been more numerous or even more desperate than they appear to have been, Armstrong, too, would have slipped away. Allowing for the magnificent pluck of the detectives in going literally into the lions' den, I am yet compelled to say that they neglected an elementary principle of their craft which their French brethren rarely if ever neglect, which, in fact, their chief never fails to impress upon them. That elementary principle is contained in four words. "To raise no dust"—in French, "De ne pas faire du coton." The English detectives must have known that to go into Soho on an errand like theirs, practically unarmed and unsupported, and above all "undisguised," was not only "raising dust" with a vengeance, but raising it in such a manner as to blind them and to give their adversaries an advantage from the start.

I am always reluctant to institute comparisons between members of the same craft in different countries, especially where such comparisons are likely to go against Englishmen. Nor should I have done so in this instance but for an intense desire to prove once more that strength, courage, keen observation, and even an excellent memory, though indispensable to a good detective, do not constitute the whole of his requirements, and that, in order to succeed where those provided with all these would fail, he must have imagination. About the same hour that Armstrong was sentenced at Durham, a Paris detective, disguised as a priest, was enabled to effect the capture of a whole gang of pickpockets who had been operating for days at the St. Lazare railway station under the very eyes of the half-a-dozen ordinary sergents-de-ville who are always on duty there. The ordinary sergent-de-ville is just as much of a *quantité négligeable* to the experienced Paris operator as is the London constable to his English colleague. Had the detective appeared in his ordinary dress, the gang would have become alarmed and made off by the various exits. As it was the whole of them were netted. If the London detectives in search of Armstrong, Smith, and Richards (?) had adopted a disguise, and posted a squad of ordinary policemen in reserve, the Soho gang of roughs would have been surprised.

"Too theatrical," I hear the reader say. It may be theatrical, but it is not too theatrical, and it is in accordance with the traditions of the French police, which, without exaggeration, has some very wonderful exploits in the way of detection to its credit. Chateaubriand in his "Mémoires" relates that when he was arrested in June 1832, and while he was waiting at the Prefecture of Police, he saw several detectives disguised as porters, Invalides (French equivalent for Chelsea pensioners), organ grinders, and so forth. And although the practice of disguising themselves has considerably gone out of fashion among French detectives, they resort to it now and again.

Their imagination, however, does not stop there. Three or four years ago, a large number of watches—I think about five hundred in all—were stolen from a wholesale warehouse in Paris. No trace of them could be found for several months. The ordinary receivers, who can be frank when it suits them, declared they knew nothing about the "swag," and declared it in such a fashion as to command belief. One day a detective who had not been engaged in the case, in passing by the bank of France, noticed a crowd, in the centre of which a man was selling genuine silver watches, worth at least forty or fifty francs, for twenty-five francs a-piece. I repeat, the detective had no previous information on the subject, for the professional jealousy that prevails at Scotland Yard is as fierce in the Place d'Harlay and on the Quai des Orfèvres. Nevertheless, the detective came to the instantaneous conclusion that there was something wrong. He made up his mind, at the same time, that it would not do to arrest the vendor in the midst of the crowd, for in Paris, more than elsewhere, the crowd is inclined to side against the police. So he stood still for a little while. Then his imagination came to his aid. He asked to examine one of the watches; no sooner was it handed to him than he ran with it, followed, of course, by the vendor and part of the crowd. He did not run far, only to a wine-shop hard by; and when his pursuer entered upon his heels, he closed the door against the rest and took him into custody. Was it his imagination that had been at work? Only partly. A detective in one of Xavier de Montepin's stories does the same, or nearly the same thing. The detective had read it, and it recurred to him. That is why I should like to see established a "School for the Detection of Crime" where fiction, by masters such as Wilkie Collins, Miss Braddon, Gaboriau, and others, and the annals of crime of all countries should constitute the chief curriculum.

GRASS ROBBERS.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

There are certain rogues who look like rogues—rascals with faces which alone are quite enough to hang them. But there are other rogues who look as bland as Mr. Casby in "Little Dorrit"—rascals whom one immediately takes for benevolent old gentlemen. We all know how hard it is to believe that one may smile and be a villain. And what is true of men is also true of plants and animals. The tiger and the Tasmanian devil look and dress their parts; but who would ever suspect the innocent-faced grizzly bear of any worse fault than an excessive addiction to cabbage stalks? So, too, among plants, there are certain parasites, like dodder and mistletoe, which behave openly "as sich"; but there are also parasites which masquerade for all the world as honest herbs, and which nobody would even dream of connecting with highway robbery, though in truth they are insidious and unsparing Thugs, which drain the life-blood of other plants by underhand tricks and invisible devices. Mistletoe, like a brave freebooter, grows openly upon the branches of the apple-tree it robs—not, as town-bred folks fondly believe, upon the oak, where it is seen, indeed, hardly once in a century; dodder creeps undisguised over whole acres of heather, which it ruthlessly strangles with its knotted red strings and its strong suckers; but the chief robbers of our grasslands, like thieves in the night, go almost unsuspected by farmers; only advanced botanical research has revealed the fact of their cruel depredations. They behave ostensibly like respectable green-leaved herbs, while they fasten in the dark upon their defenceless victims, whose blood they suck, as the vernal sucks the rabbit, or as the vampire bat sucks the incautious explorer.

This is no traveller's tale of South American forests, however, but an everyday occurrence in our English meadows. We have in Britain some half-a-dozen at least of these unobtrusive blood-suckers, skulking foes of the agricultural interest, many of which batten even on our parks and lawns, and all of which flourish at the expense of our pastures and hayfields. Eyebright, yellow-rattle, cow-wheat, and bastard-toadflax are the best known of the class; others, like *Bartsia* and *Odontites*, have only Latin names unfit for drawing-room society, or, if they bear English titles at all, like *lousewort* (to take a mild example), can hardly be alluded to in polite conversation. Indeed, people often say, "Why don't you give us the English names?" forgetting that in nine cases out of ten, even among our native plants, no English name exists at all; only botanists have ever considered these inconspicuous weeds as worthy the trouble of inventing titles for them.

Inconspicuous as they are, however, they are nevertheless formidable. Bastard toadflax, a pretty little white-flowered plant, which grows commonly on the shallow green-sward of our chalk downs, is a very good example of this class of unobtrusive robbers. It springs from a small seed, and sends up a green stem, with leaves which do not look much more murderous to the naked eye than those of flax or "butter-and-eggs," which they greatly resemble. But if you pull the little weed up by the root, especially in its second or third year, you will find its rootlets all covered by conspicuous white knobs, which enclose its suckers or parasitic organs. These knobs flatten themselves out upon the roots of grasses or clovers in their neighbourhood, and then send out a bundle of absorbent fibres, which penetrate the grass-root, and there spread out to suck its juices. The plant on which the parasite fastens does not die all at once, but sickens and grows pale, or becomes short and stunted. The toadflax, indeed, prefers not to draw from it too much of its nutriment at once; it drains it slowly dry, leaving always just enough strength to the strangled grass to enable it to go on living and supplying its parasite. Nor does the robber live entirely on the nutriment thus supplied, like such a thoroughgoing parasite as broomrape, which has no green leaves at all, and subsists altogether on the juices of its host; it does a certain amount of work for itself with its own foliage, but makes up the deficiency by draining the grasses of manufactured starches and other rich material.

Our pretty little English eyebright, whose speckled flowers—white, and blue, and red, and yellow—often cover the ground for acres together in hilly districts, like Wales and Devonshire, is also a parasite; it does so much damage to the grass with its sucker-clad roots that even agriculturists have found it out. Indeed, it is known in Germany as "the milk-thief," because Swabian farmers say that in years when it abounds their milk is poor in cheese and butter. In other words, the grass is impoverished. Yellow-rattle, so common in Surrey fields, is a similar root-parasite which attacks damp meadows; it often grows so thickly that it looks like a regular sown crop, being far more abundant than the enfeebled grass it preys upon. Cow-wheat, on the other hand, is a more cunning parasite which affects wheat-fields; an annual, like all weeds of arable soil, it has learned to make its seed exactly the same in size and shape as a grain of wheat, so that it escapes the winnowing, and is sown by the unsuspecting farmer side by side with his seed-corn. All these various herbs may be regarded as partial or tentative parasites; with them the parasitic habit does not extend so far as to make them entirely dependent for a livelihood upon their hosts; they have still green leaves, which eat and manufacture for them. Perhaps, as they fill a distinct place in Nature, they may never go further on the parasitic path. But broomrape and its fellows, which are thoroughgoing parasites, have progressed far beyond this initial stage; they produce no leaves at all, but boldly fasten themselves from the first by their bulb-like base on the roots of their host, and suck him fairly dry, using up his material in producing flowers and seeds—for, as a rule, true parasites, animal or vegetal, are mere egg-sacs or seed-bags. Their life is reduced to the bare act of reproduction; they fasten on one spot, feed, breed, and die there. Multiplication is their solitary function.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Slowly but surely research into the germ-origin of the diseases that decimate us is being rewarded by discoveries of an important kind. Already the microbes which are the direct cause of such ailments as diphtheria, tetanus, and typhoid fever have been traced out, cultivated, and duly identified. In other cases, the difficulties attending the isolation of specific germs have been so great that the microbes, to the presence of which certain other ailments are due, have not as yet been separated out. Each germ has to be cultivated out, so as to ensure that no other microbe is associated with it. It has then to be shown that the microbe in question is invariably present in the disease under consideration; next, we have to produce the disease by inoculation with the pure culture of the germ; finally, we have to find in the produced disease, microbes which are identical with those used in the inoculation, which are the direct lineal descendants of those so employed, and which in turn are capable of handing on the disease in fresh inoculations.

The latest triumph in this line of research has been illustrated by the discovery of the special microbe to which we owe the dreaded yellow fever of tropical latitudes. This discovery has been made by Professor Sanarelli, and the story of his investigations illustrates very typically the difficulties which the scientist has to face in his endeavour to hunt down the microbe of which he is in search. The yellow-fever germ specially haunts the blood and certain tissues, and after passing through its period of incubation, affects the spleen and other organs, and then develops its peculiar toxin or poison. It is very interesting to note that the yellow-fever germ, which flourishes only in hot latitudes, will resist a fairly high temperature. Up to 70 degrees Centigrade it can resist heat with remarkable power; and, like many other germs, it can retain its vitality even when it has been dried. But seven hours' exposure to the direct rays of the sun destroys it, and it is also killed when placed in water at the temperature of 60 deg. C. In sea-water it survives.

There is another point of much practical importance connected with the spread of the yellow-fever germ, and therefore with the spread and prevention of the fever itself. Dr. Sanarelli noticed that this microbe may refuse to grow of and by itself in media (e.g., gelatine) which is specially adapted for germ growth and multiplication. But if in such media the spores (or "seeds") of ordinary fungi are sown, the yellow-fever bacillus appears when the youthful fungi have started on their developmental record. This curious association of two kinds of organisms is, of course, a perfectly well-known fact of biology. The ways of vitality somehow or other have developed a dependence of the one organism on the other. In the case before us, the fungus must pave the way in some fashion for the perfect growth of the fever-microbe. It may be that the fungus acts the part of a foster-mother to the fever-germ, supplying it with some special form of nourishment, or it may simply prepare the soil for the ready growth of the microbe. Be that as it may, we may find in this fact a reason why yellow fever specially affects dirty places, represented by old ships and filthy houses. There fungi are apt to grow plentifully, and to foster the development of the fever-bacillus. It is a new illustration this, of the old saying that the foundation of all success in the prevention of disease is cleanliness. The fungus is the child of dirt, and, in its turn, it breeds the yellow fever in certain surroundings. Something of this kind, it occurs to me, has been demonstrated in connection with diphtheria. Outbreaks of that disorder have been known to occur in places where filthy surroundings have been accompanied by a marked development of fungi. It would not be surprising to find that the diphtheria-bacillus, like its neighbour, the yellow-fever germ, depends for occasional development on some other form of plant-life, such as may be represented by the growths we find in cellars and other places that know not the light.

As a frequent traveller by rail, I never cease to marvel at the recurring evidences of enterprise which mark the course of railway development in this country. We have all become accustomed to the luxury of third class dining-cars, and we only want third class sleeping-cars to complete the reforms which the Midland Railway Company were the first to inaugurate in this country. To those of my readers who are contemplating a holiday north of the Tweed this summer, I may recommend a new and excellent service which leaves St. Pancras, London, in the morning, and runs swiftly northwards so that the tourist can arrive at that well-known Clyde resort, Rothesay, the same evening. Thence, as from a busy centre, he can choose his routes to the Highlands as at the parting of the ways. Tours in Scotland associated with the Midland Railway cannot be surpassed, especially as they lead, among other things, direct to the palatial steamers of Mr. Macbrayne, which carry the holiday-maker everywhere on the West Coast, and convey him to scenery that Switzerland or Norway may find hard to surpass.

When I have repeatedly spoken to friends south of the Tweed of the neglect by the tourist of that portion of the British domain that lies north of it, I have been met by the objection that it is a wet country in summer. This is a mistake. It has its wet seasons, but is there any place in our islands which enjoys perennial freedom from rain? And if one swallow does not make a summer, neither does one wet day a week, anywhere, spoil a whole holiday. I should plead in the same fashion for Ireland as a tourist country, and one may well rejoice to find that railways and other bodies are beginning to wake up to the great profits that await them through the establishment of comfortable hotels and travelling arrangements in the Emerald Isle. Foreign travel is an essential in a liberal education; but we should also remember that to lack the knowledge of our own land is a reproach under which no one should suffer.



HENLEY REGATTA: THE FINAL HEAT FOR THE DIAMOND SCULLS (TEN EYCK V. BLACKSTAPPE), SEEN FROM THE GROSVENOR CLUB ENCLOSURE.



PLAYMATES.

By J. Ballantine.



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.—RESERVE FLEET OPERATIONS: H.M.S. "ALEXANDRA," FLAG-SHIP OF ADMIRAL DOMVILE, IN TOR BAY.

Drawn by our Special Artist with the Fleet, Mr. C. J. de Lacy.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK ON BRITISH DEER.

Naturalists and sportsmen will join in welcoming Mr. J. G. Millais' new book, *British Deer, and their Horns*, which is quite worthy to be ranked with his previous productions; and than this there can be no higher praise. Indeed, it is likely to have a wider circle of readers than his "Breath from the Veldt," for it deals with the noblest of our beasts of chase. The text is practically exhaustive, containing all that is known of extinct British deer, with an account of the red-deer, the fallow-deer, and the roe, from the point of view of the field-naturalist and the sportsman. Full of interest, too, are the Field Notes and Stalking Yarns; and the chapter on Heads consists of descriptions with measurements of the most noted ones in this country. A large number of these are figured, as well as some others remarkable for their abnormality. The distinguishing note of the text is the extreme care that has been bestowed on observation of the habits not only of deer, but of many other beasts, and of some birds. A case in point is the watching of starlings and deer, and the recording of the services by the birds to the latter; and close by is a charming little description of the education of fawns by the hinds, gentle measures being first adopted, and then stronger ones, to bring the young to appreciate the warning signal. Similar instances might be gleaned from almost every page, for Mr. Millais is a very keen observer, and he records his observations so plainly and directly that one seems to share them with him. The illustrations are exceedingly numerous, the bulk of them being the author's own work. Most of them, of course, are finished pictures, but some few are slight sketches—groups of pictorial notes, so to speak; these have, however, a high value, for they represent clearly and sharply the animals in action. Very few naturalists have Mr. Millais' skill with pen and pencil; and, perhaps, even fewer have his power of patient watching. He has produced a book on which he is to be congratulated, for it will rank as the standard authority on British deer.

A LITERARY LETTER.

In a review of Dr. Birkbeck Hill's "Johnsonian Miscellanies" the *Spectator* implies that Macaulay did not succeed in discrediting Croker's edition of Boswell. It is, of course, a mark of literary cultivation nowadays to speak disparagingly of Lord Macaulay, but, nevertheless, on this point the *Spectator* is wrong. The absolute test is the permanence which pertains to a book, and it may be stated,



BUCKS FIGHTING.

From Mr. John Guille Millais' "British Deer, and their Horns," by Permission of the Publishers, Messrs. H. Sotheran and Co., Piccadilly.

as a fact, that publishers do not nowadays dream of reproducing Croker's "Boswell," and no new editor of Boswell would venture to interpolate the "Tour in the Hebrides" in the middle of Boswell's work as Croker did.

We are to have yet another edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels. This time it is Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. who are to publish it, and we know by experience that they will do it well. Mr. Herbert Railton, whose name is honourably associated with one of Messrs. Dent's first ventures—Lamb's "Essays"—is to make a frontispiece illustration to each volume. In the case of Scott, Messrs. Dent think "introductions" superfluous, and although we

have all valued very highly Mr. Gollancz's editing of other classics, perhaps Messrs. Dent are right.

The acceptance by Mr. G. B. Burgin of the post of literary adviser to Mr. Arthur Pearson's publishing business has led to his resignation of the literary column which he has been writing for some time in *To-Day*. That article in the autumn will be written by Mr. Frank Mathew, a young Irish writer, who has already obtained distinction by his "Wood of the Brambles" and one or two other romantic stories.

Amid the general whitewashing of the character of Sheridan which took place at Mr. Richard Ashe King's lecture a few weeks ago, Lord Dufferin, a descendant of the great dramatist and orator, informed his audience that four eminent people who had known Sheridan had spoken of him with admiration and respect. These were the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, and Mrs. Tom Sheridan, the daughter-in-law of Sheridan. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, in an interesting letter to the *Saturday Review*, makes it quite clear that every one of these four people had at one time or another given evidence of a quite contrary character. "It is, indeed, no exaggeration to say," adds Mr. Fitzgerald, "that hardly a single respectable man of Sheridan's contemporaries is found to mention him without reproach or a pitying contempt; all the while admitting his brilliant, wasted talents."

Mr. William Watson's literary activity continues unabated. He has within the last few days contributed a vigorous poem on the Greek question to the *Westminster Gazette* and a lyric to the *Spectator*. The editor of a well-known literary journal complained the other day that our modern poets should intervene in politics. As a matter of fact, there are few poets who have not made much of their poetry political, and certain sonnets by Milton and Wordsworth are none the less imperishable because of this.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton is paying her annual visit to London. Mrs. Moulton gathers around her at her "At homes" the most interesting people in the literary life of London.

The Brontë Society has issued as the seventh part of its Transactions and Publications a booklet on "The Shirley Country," by J. J. Stead (M. Field and Sons, Godwin Street, Bradford). Mr. Stead is well known as an indefatigable inquirer into Brontë traditions, and he has here gathered together, with illustrations, all the places mentioned in "Shirley." The pamphlet will very considerably enhance the pleasure of any future reader of the novel.

C. K. S.



HINDS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEOFFREY MILLAIS.

From Mr. John Guille Millais' "British Deer, and their Horns."

NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART.

In no other country—at least in Europe—would it be possible to conceive the idea of a National Gallery erected at the sole cost of a private citizen. To the ordinary observer there is something not very creditable to Great Britain as a nation in the attitude of the State towards Art. The National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, in a measure South Kensington Museum, and the new home for British Art are all indebted to private enterprise and generosity. But while the State has willingly allowed itself to be benefited, and its burdens in the way of picture-purchasing lightened, no public recognition of their services was conferred upon Angerstein, Vernon, or Sheepshanks; nor—coming to our own day—upon Mr. Alexander or Mr. Tate, to whom we owe our two most modern galleries.

The original offer of Mr. Henry Tate was made at least ten years ago, and its reception by the authorities does them very little credit. It was the old story of niggardliness in a matter which was without political importance, and of ignorant indifference to everything connected with fostering a love of art. It redounds very much to Mr. Tate's honour that he should have not only maintained his offer in spite of such persistent snubbing, but that he should even have gone far beyond his original promise. In the first instance, it will be remembered, Mr. Tate's offer was to build at the cost of £80,000 a gallery to receive the pictures which he proposed to present to the nation. The building now completed will cost considerably over £100,000, and provision has been made by the donor for the future extension of the gallery as occasion requires. The Prince of Wales, in personally opening the National Gallery of British Art, shows that, like her Majesty the Queen, he is anxious to make some amends for the scant courtesy with which Mr. Tate has been treated by Ministers and officials.

After abortive attempts to find a site for the new Gallery at South Kensington and on the Thames Embankment, Millbank was eventually fixed upon—chiefly, it is believed, because the Government would have nothing to pay for the land. Whether the selection is a good or bad one time will show. Its distance from Charing Cross is not so great as South Kensington, but the means of cheap and direct communication have hitherto been very limited—and, what is more strange, it plays no part in the earlier history of London. Millbank and the adjoining Horseferry Road indicate the original uses of the district, and those who know Guardi's paintings will recall that in his time "the mill" was still standing. The only house of any importance in the neighbourhood at the beginning of the last century was that of the Earl of Peterborough, which was afterwards rebuilt, and finally removed in 1809. Three years later the great penitentiary for London and Middlesex was erected at the cost of half a million—an enormous block of buildings wholly out of proportion to the needs of the population. This was found to be the case when our penal code had been softened, and when the Australian Colonies refused any longer to receive our felons. Millbank became the

Millbank as a convict dépôt useless, and of recent years it was used as a military prison. Six years ago it was decided to remove the building altogether, and by a happy chance Mr. Tate's munificent offer enabled the Government to appropriate the site to a brighter use.

The architect, Mr. Sidney Smith, has, luckily, been allowed a free hand, and although some of the details of the building may arouse criticism it will be admitted that the general effect externally and internally is worthy of unstinted praise, and that the rooms are arranged and lighted so as to show off the pictures to the best advantage.

The collections at present arranged are three in number, each being liable to prospective additions. The largest gallery is properly assigned to Mr. Tate's gift, consisting of sixty-five pictures by artists many of whom are still living. Millais, Orchardson, and Fildes are especially well represented; Lord Leighton less so; but Hook, Stanhope Forbes, Briton Riviere, and other living artists are to be seen to advantage. A second section is devoted to pictures by artists born since 1790—removed from the National Gallery—which has not scrupled to take advantage of a private benefaction to house public treasures; and the Royal Academy, following suit, has transferred the Chantrey pictures, hitherto hung at South Kensington; and another little room is devoted wholly to the "ideal" works of Mr. G. F. Watts, presented by him to the nation.

HAYTIME.

In the corner of the mead, by the dark green willow-shaded stream, the circular sweep of the four scythes began an hour ago in the dewy coolness

of daybreak; and grass, clover buds, buttercups, moon-daisies, cuckoo-flowers, and lush sorrel lie in swaths that give forth a strong sweet scent. Four sunburnt men bend in the peaceful swaying motion of mowing; their brown, muscular arms move in time, and the hiss of the blades sounds in unison. The mowers are silent. One stops anon to whet his scythe, and to draw the back of his hand across his gleaming bronzed forehead. Soft masses of cloud, white as snow, and touched at the verges with pink and gold, float under the brilliant turquoise of the morning sky, as the heat haze begins to quiver over the slowly waving golden seed-tops of the field. Where the row of elms overshadows the grass, it is deep green, and the wild parsley and hemlock stand high above the verdure. A warm breeze, whispering through the pendent willow boughs, that trail their feathery twigs in the stream bordering one side of the meadow, bears a delicious mingling of odours of honeysuckle and woodruff in the copse and the pungent aromatic smell of the drying grasses.

Midway between the white cloud and the green of the wheat in the next field, a tiny quivering speck of black thrills and warbles. Dropping now near to earth, the "molecule of song" rises again, singing joyfully its last ode to the summer, till the eyes, blinded by hot sky, can no longer discern it. The blackbird perched with medi-

tative mien on the elm bough has ceased to flute; but all day in the sedge the reed-warbler chants to his mate, and the swifts dash screaming at dusk over the green, still water, while the moorhen croaks to her dusky nestlings beneath the alders. On the nettles a tortoiseshell butterfly expands its wings, and a swarm of newly hatched dragon-flies, with

blue bodies and copper-coloured wings of gauze, are hawking imperceptible midges by the ditch of watercress flanked with meadowsweet and thistles.

Every step through the dank herbage by the alders arouses scores of curious moths and flies. A great club, with a buff back and slowly moving under-jaw, basks u-



THE SITE OF THE NEW NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY MILLBANK PRISON.

foot below the surface of the water, awaiting the feckless feeble insects that flutter from the boughs. At the extremity of a little point of sedge and forget-me-nots, a vole is sitting up on its hindquarters, polishing its sleek face with its paws.

The sun mounts higher and higher, and the white clouds disappear, leaving an even blue dome overhead. One of the mowers goes to the shade of the elms for a yellow stone jar and a big blue mug, and the men drink in turn, cooling their throats with the grateful acidity of the rough cider. Then, with their coarse shirts open at the chest, and their straw hats pulled over the brows, they set to work again in the glare of the sun. Swish! swish! there is no other sound in the burning, stagnant air of noon. The side of the meadow bordering the lane is bare, and the women and girls of the village come in at the gate with wooden rakes. They rake and toss and chatter, and their faces grow redder every hour. All are working with a will when the farmer saunters into the field and mentally computes the value of the "shear." Yard by yard the ruthless scythes are encroaching upon the ripe grasses and the moon-daisies. Will the threatening thunder-clouds burst in a growl, and pour their deluge on the mead before the crop is cut and carried? The afternoon wanes; there is more shade in the field, for clouds are gathering. There is a loud shout, a view-holloa, as a rabbit rushes from the uncut grass, and is gripped by the wary sheep-dog in waiting. A partridge calls to her frightened brood as the scythe-blades advance steadily upon their hiding place.

As the sun sinks amid purple clouds, mists hover like wraiths among the mournful weeping willows, and there is a cold shuddering of the aspens. The hare that comes down at night to drink misses its meuse by the ditch, and when the field is deserted, rabbits sport unhindered over the bare surface. Dew lies on the browning swaths, and when the moon is up, it gleams on the nudity of the meadow, where the daisies are dying side by side with the ragged-robins. Darkly glides the river; the ghost-moths and bats fit in the eerie shade of the alders. The "huge and thoughtful" night has descended from the hills, and there are whisperings in the moon-haunted glades of the coppice. Languid in the drowsed air, the honeysuckle diffuses its incense in the thickets of briony, wild roses, and sweetbriar. Every herb exhales its fragrance on the oppressive air of midnight, and the earth yields a damp fresh odour. Soon the silence of dawn will be broken by the tramp of feet in the lane, the voices of the mowers, and the whetting of the scythes. The burnished crimson sun will rise again on another day of labour, and amid the grasses the white petals of the moon-daisies will open and reveal the yellow discs. Before another nightfall the wains will have passed up the lane, and the stacks will be half built. In two days all the hay-grass on the farm will be cut and saved—

O when the hayset all is done,
Then in the arish grass
The lads shall have their fill of fun,
Each dancing with his lass.
The good old farmer and his wife
Shall bring the best of cheer;
I would it were, ay, odds my life,
Haymaking all the year.

So runs the dact once sung in "Merrie England" in days that knew not the rattle of the mowing and tossing machines, the horse-rake and the steam-stacker. Then "lusty Jack" trotted to "dainty Doll" in the sweet July gloaming, and Tom and Bet and Jess and Joe danced to the merry viols. Those times are gone, but it is still the same old earth, only men and their ways have changed. The scythe, Time's insignia, still survives in Arcadia. Let us cherish it while we may, for its days are numbered.

GEORGE MORTIMER.



THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, ON THE SITE OF MILLBANK PRISON. PRESENTED TO THE NATION BY MR. HENRY TATE.

principal prison for male and female convicts, harbouring within its dreary corridors nearly a thousand prisoners. Here the solitary system, which was once so loudly advocated but is now discredited, was rigorously applied for the first three months of each prisoner's sentence. Further changes in our penal system rendered the maintenance of



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK REVIEWING THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE ON CLAPHAM COMMON.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF SIAM.

The visit of the King of Siam to this country will bring within the ken of stay-at-home Britishers another of the royal families of "the immemorial East." But two hundred and eighty-five years have passed away since the first English adventurer sailed up the Menam and visited the capital of Chulalongkorn's predecessor, "the proud city of Sia, as great a city as London." Those three centuries have made it possible for an exclusive Oriental Prince living in the interior of his palace, amid a servile Court and affecting to disdain the strangers from the Western Isles, to be converted into an enlightened and enterprising ruler, thoroughly up to date in all his views, and convinced that the interests of his own dynasty and people demand progress in trade and reform in administration. In that persuasion alone has the King of Siam crossed the seas and made the grand tour of Europe as the preliminary to his projected residence in this country for a month, and those who have the privilege of being brought into contact with him will appreciate the serious purpose and steady resolve of benefiting his country which animated his Majesty in undertaking a journey in opposition to tradition and prejudice.

Chulalongkorn was born in September 1853, and succeeded to the throne in October 1868, and during the nearly thirty years that he has governed his kingdom he has gained a reputation for good sense, patience under difficulty, and a cordial desire for harmonious relations with European Powers that ensure for him a unique place among the rulers of Siam. We may not be far wrong if we attribute the origin of his enlightened views to his early study of our language under the charge of an English governess, and he has kept up that knowledge by reading our principal papers and by expressing a preference for English conversation in his presence. If the King's linguistic attainments will simplify the task of those who

pronounced very different from some Oriental personages we have known, and this is the more gratifying, for Siam is a country with which we must have a great deal to do, and in the future of which our stake exceeds that of every other nation.

Mention has been made of the King's knowledge of

received their preliminary education here, but Prince Boripat, who is destined for the military service in his own country, has been sent to complete his studies at the Potsdam Military School, where he has already acquired a high reputation for quickness and assiduity in his studies. Prince Abha, on the other hand, is intended for a naval career, and after receiving a careful training in one of our naval academies, he is now serving as a midshipman on board the King's yacht *Maha Chikhri*. In that capacity he steered the ship with much skill, on the report of its commander, Captain Cumming, through the Suez Canal, and he was also present on board her at the Spithead Review. This royal yacht is, it may be remembered, an English built vessel, and Captain Cumming is an officer of her Majesty's Navy whose services were specially lent to the King of Siam by the Admiralty for the purpose of navigating the yacht from Bangkok to England. Three officers of the British Navy were included in Captain Cumming's staff, and several other officers are of Danish nationality, but most of the crew are Siamese. Besides the royal midshipman of the *Maha Chikhri* the King has several younger sons who are also being educated in this country.

The King of Siam is, therefore, not only setting his subjects an example of enlightenment, but he is also taking timely measures to ensure that his successors shall follow the policy he has initiated, and that the royal family of Siam shall be in the van of national progress. To have the ruling family on a level with its position judged by the exigencies of these modern days, is in the East the primary and essential condition for the disappearance of the old prejudices and policy which would have kept Oriental rulers wrapped up in a false sense of pride and security until they were doomed to disappear before what they affected to despise. Japan learnt the lesson first, and now Siam has taken it to heart, and the King's tour shows with what earnestness and depth of conviction. There is no doubt that it marks a new departure in one of the most



THE KING OF SIAM AND HIS FOUR SONS.

Photo Perani, Geneva.

English, and the decision he came to some years ago to have all his sons educated in this country was due to the same perceptions, and must prove beneficial to both countries. The Crown Prince Somdetph, now in his twentieth year, is the son of the Queen whose portrait we give among our Illustrations, and who is carrying on the government of Siam, with the assistance of a Council of Regency, during the King's absence. The Prince has been resident for some years among us, and his education has been carried on by carefully selected English and foreign masters, under the control of his Governor, Colonel Hume, who was well known in India on Lord Roberts's staff. No effort has been spared to qualify



Photo Robert Lea, Bangkok.

THE KING OF SIAM.

are called upon to explain to him mechanical and scientific terms and appliances, and strengthen the impression made on the King by what he sees and is made acquainted with, there is no doubt that a most favourable opinion will be formed of the King's own courtesy and charm. He is described by one who has had ample means of judging us like a perfect English gentleman, and his dignified and affable manners will ingratiate him in every circle. The King of Siam will, therefore, be

Prince Somdetph in every way for the exalted position he has to fill, and his bearing during the Diamond Jubilee celebrations, when he officially represented his father, made a most favourable impression. He took part among the cavalcade of Princes in the royal procession from Buckingham Palace, and is both an expert rider and cyclist. The Siamese are, it may be observed *en passant*, an exceedingly lithe and agile people. The next two Princes, named Boripat and Abha, both



Photo Robert Lea.

THE QUEEN OF SIAM (REGENT IN THE KING'S ABSENCE).

interesting and important of the independent kingdoms of Asia. The policy pursued by King Chulalongkorn is the only one possible for the preservation of Siam's independence, and to it will be traced the increased prosperity, happiness, and security that await his country.

We are indebted to Mr. Frederick Verney, C.M.G., Councillor of the Siamese Legation in London, for the loan of the photographs from which our portraits of the King and Queen are reproduced.

A GREAT CHESHIRE ENTERPRISE.

BY A TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT.

"What is the nature of the Dee estate?" All manner of solutions came to us as the North-Western train sped through the woodlands and pasture-lands of Hertfordshire, Warwickshire, Staffordshire, and Cheshire, and by the time we had feasted our eyes on Tarporley Castle, and drunk in all the beauties of the glorious country between Crewe and Chester, we had arrived at the complacent conclusion that our bourn was to have for vista a muddy expanse of foreshore—something analogous to that Dismal Swamp which is described in "Quochoy." It was an agreeable surprise to find that our speculations as to the nature of what must be regarded in its entirety as one of the most important enterprises of modern times were entirely erroneous. Before entering upon anything like a detailed description of the country which we visited a few days ago, while the great world was enjoying itself at Henley, it is necessary to be, to some extent, historical. An Act of Parliament, dating from 1732, and supplemented by subsequent enactments, gave to certain persons powers for reclaiming the Estuary of the Dee—powers at present vested in the Dee Land Company, which undertook to execute, and did execute, at a very great outlay, important works destined to improve the navigation of the river, a new channel being made from Chester to Connah's Quay. Thus the river has been restricted into a narrow channel on



SAUGHALL RAILWAY STATION, BUILT ON RECLAIMED LAND.

been reclaimed from the Dee and converted into farms; and it is now proposed to reclaim other portions of the area between Connah's Quay and Burton Point on the south side of Hoylake and Point of Aire on the north side.

And now we must be slightly statistical. The Dee Estate comprises (1) upwards of 3000 acres of highly cultivated land through which runs the main road from

Wales coal district, linked by rail and water to Manchester and the surrounding district.

This northern part of the county is, for the most part, as flat as other portions are undulating, hilly, and, here and there, mountainous—using that phrase, of course, in the sense that Tartarin of Tarascon used it in his celebrated descriptions of the "Alps" of his native Provence. Not that these northern parts of the shire are scenically uninteresting, for they are exactly the reverse. The country is well wooded, the roads are perfectly kept, and not a little suggestive of those in many parts of France, with the exception that they are lined by hedges instead of by poplars. For many miles we drive through a tract of country both picturesque and marvellously fertile; indeed, one might wander all over the United Kingdom and not find more luxuriant crops raised on land which, forty years ago, was covered by the waters and sands of the Dee. At Blaenon Point we come to the first farmstead on the estate of the Dee Land Company, and hereabout the barley, oats, and vast fields of potatoes have the healthiest appearance, auguring well for the great reclamation scheme of the future.

The high lands on our right form a natural boundary, and certainly add to the beauty of the landscape. Fields through which we drive at this point were covered by the waters of the Dee less than a hundred years ago. A wonderful story indeed is that of the reclamation of land within the last century. At the first blush it seems incredible that such a transformation could be effected in so comparatively



WORKS ON RECLAIMED LAND: MESSRS. SUMMERS' CORRUGATED IRON WORKS, HAWARDEN BRIDGE.

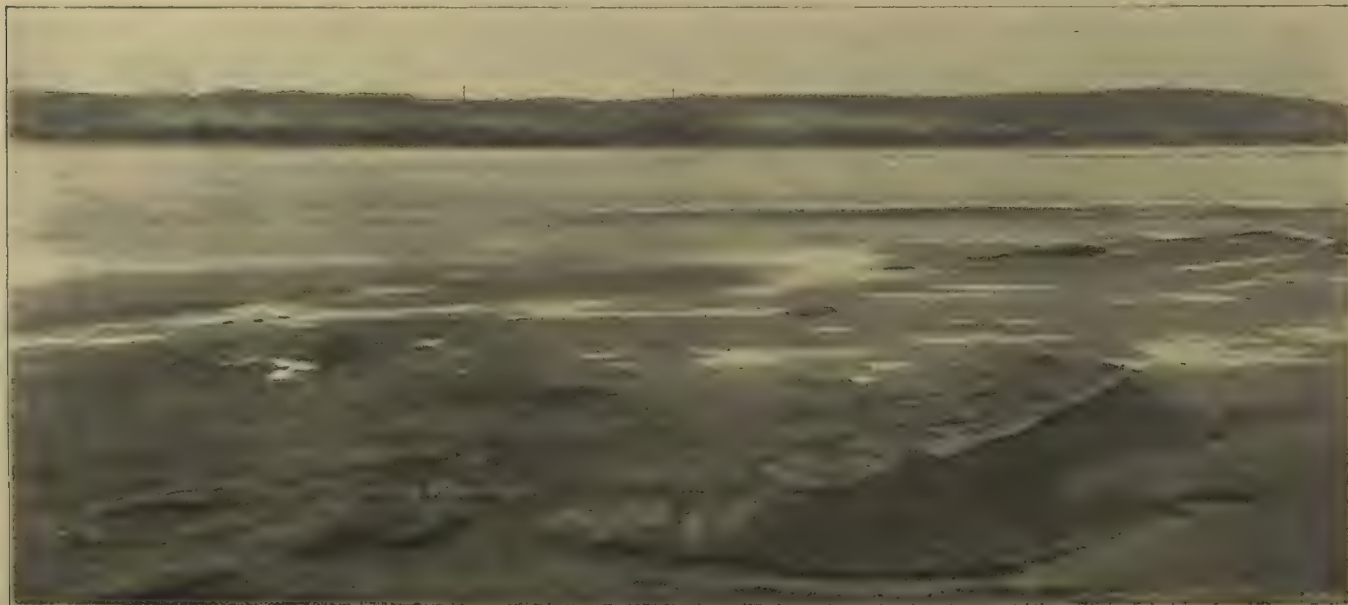


HASSELL'S FARM, SEALANDS.

the Flintshire side of the estuary. It would not cost much to considerably lengthen this channel; indeed, the Dee Conservancy Board has erected a half-tide wall between what is known as the "Broken Embankment" and a point opposite Flint. One result of this work has been to cause much silting of the estuaries. As the reader will gather from what follows, no inconsiderable quantity of land has

Chester to Queen's Ferry; (2) more than 1200 acres of marsh land adjoining the railway between Chester and Seacombe, with a frontage of several miles to the Dee and the estuary; and (3) reclamation rights over the above-mentioned estuary and Mostyn Marshes—some 19,000 acres of land, most happily situated in the industrial centres between Liverpool, Chester, Wrexham, and the North

short a period. It has been achieved by degrees, yet it is none the less hard to believe that what are now vast fields, extending over hundreds of acres, covered with the most prolific crops that Nature in her most favourable mood is capable of producing, were less than half a century ago as barren as that immense stretch of yellow sand at Parkgate, at West Kirby, and at other points along the Estuary



WEST KIRBY, FROM HILBRE ISLAND.

of the Dee. The country between Chester and Hawarden Bridge is a perfect paradise. You get one of the most attractive and charming views from the railway-bridge at Saughall Station, which crosses the line to North Wales. The station itself even is pleasant to look upon, for it is one of those half-timbered structures which make Cheshire unique. A prominent feature of the landscape is that known as the Heights of Wirrall, which overlook what is called the "Peninsula" of the same name. The mountains of North Wales are visible on the other side of the Dee, though a light mist somewhat veils them. Presently we reach the great bridge over the Dee which was recently opened by Mr. Gladstone. Moored close alongside the new structure is the old ferry-boat, a battered hulk indeed. Looking across the river at this point we get a glimpse of Hawarden Castle. Tall masts diversify the picture hereabouts, and less than half a mile distant are the corrugated sheet-iron works of Messrs. Summers, erected within the last two or three years, and now employing some six hundred hands. On the Cheshire side of the river, close to the new Queen's Ferry Bridge, a brand new hotel has arisen, and is apparently within measurable distance of completion. This will be a great boon to tourists, and more especially to the legion of cyclists who scour the level roads which make this part of Cheshire so attractive to votaries of the wheel.

Those who rent farms in this district are specially favoured, inasmuch as, thanks to the proximity of the railway, they can take their produce to Liverpool or Manchester very rapidly. Within a few hundred yards of Queen's Ferry Bridge is what is locally known as "The Marsh," and here again we are confronted by the marvels which have been wrought by means of reclamation schemes. We skirt a barley-field of a hundred acres which not so many years back figured amongst the unreclaimed land. Not much more than a year ago the sea (for so, by pardonable hyperbole, we may term the waters of the Dee) came up to that part of the land over which we are now threading our way under a scorching sun. We have ocular demonstration of the assertion that the finest crops of all kinds have been produced on these reclaimed acres during the first year's cultivation!

From Parkgate we gaze over a broad expanse of water and thousands of acres of land waiting to be reclaimed, and it is quite on the cards that at some not very distant period the former glories of Parkgate may be revived. It is perfectly natural that our cicerone should ask us our opinion of the air, if only because, if we understand this imposing scheme thoroughly, the idea is to make of West Kirby, Hoylake, and Hilbre Island a seaside resort which shall attract visitors from near and far.

The reader must remember that these places are within half-an-hour's train ride from Liverpool, and almost equally easy of access from Manchester. "Locally," says our monitor, "we tap a population of five millions—a sufficient *clientèle*, apart from the hundreds of thousands of people who invariably find that distance lends enchantment to the view." For this sort of development much of the immense area forming a portion of the Dee Land Estate is eminently suitable. You find all the elements of the picturesque—a Nature-picture of marvellous beauty. So soft, yet invigorating, is the air at West Kirby and thereabouts that it well deserves the title of "a second Mentone." The long ridge of hills at the back acts as a barricade



QUEEN'S FERRY BRIDGE, OVER THE DEE.

to the winds when they are released from their durance by Boreas.

Dotted all over the great ridge are villas and mansions, tenanted by the commercial magnates of Liverpool, Birkenhead, and Manchester. Mr. Ismay's palatial residence at Dawpool is a prominent feature of the landscape, its red-tiled roof being visible for many a mile.

It appears that it is the immediate intention of those connected with the Dee Estate to reclaim further portions of the great unreclaimed area which lies between Connah's Quay and Burton Point on the southern side and between Hoylake and Point of Aire on the northern side. What are styled the East and West Estuary Districts, running from the embankment erected in 1871 to Hilbre Island, comprise reclamation rights over an area of nearly 20,000

acres. The estuaries which it is proposed to reclaim are bordered on the north by the Wirrall Peninsula, a district which has been greatly sought after for residential purposes since the opening of the Mersey Tunnel Railway some ten years ago. The extent of the property at Hoylake and West Kirby which it is intended to reclaim is about 1200 acres, facing the Irish Channel, being at the north of the Dee and having the Welsh mountains facing it. Parkgate, Heswall, and Neston were seaport towns of some importance until comparatively recent years. The estuaries have, however, silted up so rapidly that these places are now practically all inland.

Supposing the reclamation scheme is carried out, as there is no doubt it will be, the waterway on the Wirrall side will be reserved, the water taken off the high lands, the waterway continued seaward, and the flow of fresh water towards the Dee will prevent the silting up of the channel. Naturally, this would all be of the utmost commercial value to Parkgate, Heswall, and Neston, and would greatly tend to popularise the whole enterprise, for it would mean nothing less than the reclamation of 15,000 acres, giving the Parkgate shore a river frontage of three miles, a sea frontage to the west, near Hilbre, likewise of three miles, and a frontage to the Dee of ten miles.

If the scheme here briefly outlined were sufficiently comprehensive, the Dee could be canalised from Mostyn to Chester by the construction of dock gates at the former place, which would form a wet dock for the manufacturing works on the Flintshire coast, extending from Chester to Mostyn, a distance of nineteen miles. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that, although there are many manufacturing industries along this coast, there has not been up to now a wet dock on the river Dee. Mostyn Dock, and the shipbuilding yard and land for docks at Connah's Quay, will, it is understood, be included in the sale to the company now in process of formation.

Both these properties are capable of very considerable extension. There is a daily steamer running between Liverpool and Mostyn, carrying passengers and produce. Mostyn boasts iron-works, copper-works, etc. The Connah's Quay property consists of about five acres, used chiefly as a shipbuilding yard; it is, however, proposed to construct docks on the company's land adjoining. This can be effected at a moderate cost, and will meet the demands of this rising district, which is in close proximity to the Dee and also to the London and North-Western Railway.

The scheme in its completeness cannot be further detailed on this occasion, but the sketch of it which we have been enabled to give at first hand will no doubt convince the reader that an enterprise of the greatest moment is on the eve of launching.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"FOUR LITTLE GIRLS," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

During his holiday, Mr. Wyndham has found a sub-tenant in Mr. Horniman, who produced a farce called "Four Little Girls," by Mr. Walter Stokes Craven, on July 17. It tells how two widowers of Wimbledon (Mr. Barnes and Mr. Blakeley) resolve to marry their housekeepers (Miss M. A. Victor and Miss Emily Miller)—four capital studies in old age—on condition that their sons marry the daughters of the two ladies. The boys, with the connivance of their tutor, Mr. Muggoridge (Mr. Welch), have already married (one of the brides being Miss Mabel Beardsley, the artist's sister), so that extravagant farce is the result. The piece was played in a lively key. Mr. Blakeley, Mr. Welch (masquerading as a Scot under such a very English name as Muggoridge), and Mr. Kenneth Douglas (as one of the young men) being specially amusing.

OUR CONTINENTAL GUESTS.

June and July of the present year have witnessed in theatrical affairs a foreign invasion which is almost unprecedented. Not only have Bernhardt and Réjane been with us, but we can also look back to a visit from the Viennese Volkstheater Company, with that charming artiste, Madame Odilon, at their head. The "divine Sarah" brought with her to the Adelphi two plays new to London—one a not unpleasant compression of Alfred de Musset's lengthy Renaissance drama "Lorenzaccio," and the other a characteristic Sardou play entitled "Spiritismo." Of the latter the less said the better (it is as fatuous as its subject); "Lorenzaccio" supplies Madame Bernhardt with at least a showy part. But we do not care for the great actress in a "boy's" part, and she relies too greatly on moonlight effects and general stage-tricks to please critical taste. But we have to be grateful for an ideal Frou-Frou and for a really superb Marguerite Gautier. Indeed, it seems as if "La Dame aux Camélias" would live and die with Sarah Bernhardt. What higher praise could be awarded the future Hamlet? Réjane started at the Lyric with a characteristic play of Parisian morals from the pen of M. Donnay, and "La Douleur" proved at once the pathos and the humour of its interpreter's many-sided talent. "Frou-Frou," with its new and soubrette's reading, was a practical failure, but the delightful low comedy of "Sans-Gêne" made every amendment—a striking contrast in its naturalness to Ellen Terry's *tour de force* at the Lyceum. Last of all, but certainly not least, we have been introduced at Daly's to one of the most delightful and magnetic personalities on the stage in Madame Odilon. Irresistible as Ada Rehan, with whose genius she has many affinities, this exquisite artiste chose for her London debut an adaptation from the Italian "Untrou," a little play showing how a neglected wife cured her husband's infidelity by a pretence at reprisals. Here, as in "Die Goldenen Eva," tender affection was admirably alternated with violent indignation, and by way of contrast we were shown the glorious high spirits of a reckless boy in Schönthaus's medieval comedy "Renaissance."

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J. K. M. (Repton).—(1) The anonymity of an editor is too useful a privilege to lightly abandon. (2) There is no competition, except the friendly rivalry of a great number of solvers. (3) Such a capture is not a blunder.

F. PHOCTOR (West Bergholt).—We are not quite sure whether you object to the capture (with the faddists) or not. But we agree with you that fine play results.

ASTONIO DE LACERDA (Bahia).—We will try and execute your request.

G. DE MEURS (Brussels).—Your contribution is very acceptable.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2775 received from Mrs. T. E. Laurent (Bombay) and Percy Charles (New York); of No. 2776 from Emile Frau (Lyons) and L. Shadwell; of No. 2777 from L. Shadwell and Emile Frau.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2778 received from C. R. Perugini, G. M. A. B. S. Davis (Leicester), Bluet, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F. Anderson, Emile Frau (Lyons), E. P. Vulliamy, A. Fenwick, J. Bailey (Newark), J. Hall, H. Le Jeune, E. B. Ford (Holtelham), F. W. C. (Edgubaston), T. Roberts, Shadforth, Mark Dawson (Horsforth), Frank Miller, Sorrento, E. M. B. (Macclesfield), J. F. Moon, M. A. Eyre (Donington), C. Clibborn (Monroch), B. Louden, F. Glanville, T. G. (Ware), R. H. Brooks, Alpha, W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), P. Hooper (Rutney), M. G. D. George Webb, and L. Daly (Clapham).

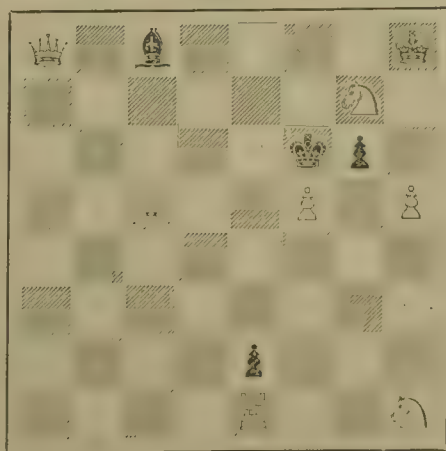
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2777.—By F. LIBBY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to B 4th. P to K 5th.
2. R takes Q P. P to K 5th.
3. Mate.

If Black play 1. P takes P, 2. B to B 2nd (ch), and if 1. P to Q 6th; then 2. P to K 4th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 2780.—By W. S. FENOLLOSA.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the City of London Club between Messrs.

J. H. BLACKBURN and C. J. WOOD.

(Scott's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Kt to B 3rd	Q takes Q
2. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	18. R takes Q	B to K 5th
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	19. K to B 2nd	K to K 2nd
4. Kt takes P	B to B 4th	20. B to Q 2nd	B takes R
5. B to K 3rd	Q to B 3rd	21. K takes B	R to B 4th
6. P to Q 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd	22. Kt to K 2nd	Q R to Q sq
7. B to Q Kt 5th	Castles	23. B to B 3rd	P to K R 4th
8. B takes Kt	Kt takes Kt	24. R to Q sq	P to B 4th
Kt takes Kt	the usual move, and leads to an even game.	25. P to Q 3rd	Kt to K 2nd
9. Kt to Q 2nd	Q P takes B	26. B to K 5th	P to K Kt 4th
10. Q to R 5th	R to K sq		
11. P takes B	B takes Kt		
12. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd		
13. P to B 4th	Q to K 3rd		
14. Castles K R	P to K 4th		
15. Q to Q 3rd	Q to B 2nd		

The end game is an interesting example of discovering a weak spot in an opponent's game, and going for them in a vigorous fashion.

26. P to K R 3rd. P to K 5th (ch).
27. P takes P. P takes P (ch).
28. K to B 2nd. Kt takes P.
29. R takes R. Kt to R 4th (ch).
30. K to K 3rd. R takes B.
31. K takes P. R to K sq (ch).
32. K to Q 2nd. R to K 5th (ch).
33. K to B 3rd. Kt to K 4th.
34. K to K 3rd. R to B 6th (ch).
35. K to B 2nd. Kt to K 2nd.
36. B to B 4th. Kt to K 3rd.
37. B to Kt 5th. Kt to Q 5th (ch).
38. K to Q 2nd. Kt to B 7th (ch).
39. K to B 3rd. Kt to K 4th.
40. K to Q 2nd. Kt to B 7th (ch).
41. B to B 4th. Kt to K 5th.
42. K to B sq. Kt to K 5th.
43. B to Kt 4th. Kt to Q 6th.

White resigns.

A practice tournament has commenced at the City of London Chess Club. The competitors are Messrs. J. H. Blackburn, T. F. Lawrence, Herbert Jacobs, T. Dwyer, J. W. Poole, W. J. Evans, C. J. Wood, and A. W. Forsyth. Each competitor will contest one game with the other, at the rate of one game per week. We publish one of the games above.

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LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Not a word have I said in these columns about sales, and yet the bargain has been in our midst in its hundreds. It is somewhat late to mend matters now, I am afraid, but I will let the two sketches illustrated here point a moral and adorn a tale of uses for the remnant. Take, for instance, that dress striped with lace, which could be made in batiste, glacé silk, grass lawn, or muslin. At the yoke is a tucked piece of plain muslin, the same decoration putting in its appearance round the hips, while the waist is encircled with a glacé belt, and the style is a very simple one, although an enormous amount of labour is involved in its achievement if insertions of lace be used on a plain fabric. It might be contrived from striped stuff, and there were many such in the list of exceptional opportunities of late. Glacé stripe has been exceedingly cheap. I have come across one or two of these in white, with a stripe in coloured satin, and if anyone has secured a length of such design, and would copy that picture, let me advise that the yoke and the pleated piece on the hips be of plain white lace.

The other picture might be realised either in serge or cloth, or one of those bordered canvas fabrics which have been amongst us this season. A little frilling of gathered ribbon, outlined with a design in fine braid, as a matter of fact decks that costume illustrated. This, I can imagine, would look charming on a blue serge, with the ribbon bright emerald green and the braid blue or black. The bodice overhangs the belt at the back and at the front, in the way of most bodices to-day, and the collar turns up round the neck, forming a background for a scarf of pleated lisse or muslin.

The joy of our immediate future is a week at Cowes, and those of us who are lucky enough to enjoy the privilege of this festivity are contemplating the charms of blue serge faced with white sailcloth, of striped flannels decked with gold buttons, and Panama sailor-hats trimmed with black velvet ribbons and white quills. Some more fanciful style of dress is necessarily included in a trousseau for Cowes week, muslin trimmed with lace being the most popular; canvas having also its share of favour; and cashmere in very light colours, with insertions of lace bows, being, perhaps, the greatest novelty of the three. Very pretty dresses are those of cashmere, with a coloured silk lining, showing through the transparent lace bow

white linen drill skirt, and crowned with a tiny mauve hat, with a large black bird at one side and a group of gaudier roses at the back.

The new soft piqué is, of course, much in request for Cowes, and the best way of trimming this is with straps of the same, when, by the way, it needs most expert manipulation. The tailor-made piqué dress has special charms, and looks its best in holland, pale mauve, or pale green. Somehow, in pink it has a vulgar air; so, indeed, have pink linen dresses. I know not why, but pink always seems tawdry when worn in the day-time, unless, of course, by children—which reminds me of a charming little dress I met for a child of some six summers, which was of pale pink linen, in coat and skirt style, the jacket being very short, with a straight reefer back and tight sleeves. It was open in the front, and had a large square collar of fine needlework edged with a kilted frill of plain muslin, and it showed a little waistcoat of muslin, made with a box-pleat down the centre, edged either side with a little frill of muslin bordered with Valenciennes lace. From the shoulders to the waist were rows of fine tucking, and the finishing touch was put to the costume most successfully by one of those French hats with straw crowns and kilted muslin frills shading the face. I pause to reflect how very badly most mothers dress their children, how prone they are to elaborate the little ones' costumes, how anxious to impress upon their clothes the stamp of the latest fashion!

All girls from six to sixteen should be dressed summer and winter on the same lines, and with their costumes displaying the same details, or want of detail. A perfectly plain white linen or holland skirt and reefer jacket, with fanciful cotton, or linen, or silk blouse, crowned with a sailor hat or a hat with hemstitched frills, should be the only wear during the summer, while in winter the same costume in blue serge or covert coating ought to be adopted. And for evenings the young ones in the summer should wear soft white pongee dresses with gathered or tight bodices, according to their figures, blouse sleeves and plain skirts, and in the winter Liberty velvet should take the place of the soft white silk, and there should be an end of the matter.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Mr. Bryce, distributing the prizes at the North London Collegiate School for Girls (that founded by the late Miss Buss), expressed his opinion that not enough has been said during the recent celebrations of the reign of the improvement in the means of education for girls. Mr. Bryce was one of the Commissioners who were appointed in 1865 to inquire into the position of secondary education, so that he "speaks of that which he knows." In his report at that now distant date, he observed that what was necessary was to convince teachers and parents that there was no opposition between intellectual learning and the improvement of morals and manners; he wanted to make them believe that "it is not to refinement and modesty that a cultivated intelligence is opposed, but to vapidity and languor and vulgarity of mind, to the love of gossip and love of dress." He now bears his testimony to the greatness of the progress made in that direction. Mr. Bryce gave his opinion that the curriculum of education that is good for one sex is good for the other, and deprecated the endeavour to found a special University and degrees for women, though he admitted that in the course of years such a step may become desirable.

In connection with the last remark, it may be noted that a Congress of Head Mistresses of High Schools has been held at Bedford, at which a resolution was passed, with only one dissentient, emphatically protesting against special courses and corresponding degrees for women. The head mistresses placed on record their opinion that the ordinary degree examination at existing Universities is what women require. Mrs. Garrett-Anderson expressed a similar opinion in her paper, on the medical education of women, at the Education Congress held last week at the Earl's Court Exhibition.

On the same day that Mr. Bryce spoke, Mr. Mundella distributed the prizes at a boys' school, and curiously both of them made a similar observation—to wit, that there is a danger that culture in the future will become more a feminine than a masculine characteristic. Both observed that the attention given to athletic sports and physical development in many boys' schools and at the Universities was at present so great as to threaten the intellectual progress, while the girls' schools and the women at college are working very hard at mental culture. It is undoubtedly the case already in America that the average education of the women is higher than that of the men, simply because it is an almost universal custom in families at all well-to-do to send their daughters to college through most of their teens, while the boys go to business at an early age. That is not a fortunate state of affairs for both sexes, but at the same time one cannot help being amused by the contrast between these facts and fears and the old theories as to the possibility of cultivating women's minds. Here is a quotation, a genuine one, from an article published in 1801 in a magazine called *The Astorian*: "Not that learning itself is despicable, but the affectation of it is truly so, which is the utmost any woman can reasonably hope to arrive at, so rugged is the path, so laborious the ascent, and so inadequate are the powers with which nature has seen fit to furnish the sex for this purpose!"

The law about domestic servants' notices has been shown to be in a chaotic condition. Two County Court Judges have given diametrically opposite decisions in one week on the question whether a servant (or an employer) is at liberty to say at any time during the first fortnight of an engagement that it shall terminate at the end of the first month, or whether a full month's notice must be given. One Judge holds that what may be practically only a fortnight's notice suffices, while the other maintains that the full month must be given. We thus do not know what the law really is. It is very significant that the Domestic Servants' Union has hereupon issued a statement

that in the opinion of the majority of its members an Act of Parliament should be forthwith passed to make the legal notice for a domestic servant only one week. It would, I take it, be impossible to find another occupation the workers in which regarded it as a privilege to be gained for them that they should be liable to be discharged at



A SERGE COSTUME.

only a week's notice. It is a sure indication of the under-supply of properly skilled labour in this department.

An enterprising young American journalist, Miss Elizabeth Banks, came over here once on a time, and "went out to service" to study the ways and customs of our domestics. She is now giving her experiences to her own countrywomen, and, among the rest, declares that it is usual for our servants to wash their own clothes in our soup-kettles before we are down in the mornings, so as to put the laundry allowance in the savings bank! She further declares that our servants do not get through anything like so much work as the American ones, but attributes this, not to our girls' lesser industry, but to our innumerable stairs and to lack of conveniences for domestic labour-saving. There is nothing in which we are so behindhand as in this respect. The day will come—and the sooner the better—when in every house of any pretensions a service-lift will be put in in the course of building; it would cost little if done in the construction of the house, and it would reduce greatly the wear and tear on a girl's muscles and nerves not to have to carry up in her hands all the weighty articles that need to go from one to another floor in our houses. Then we ought to have hot-water-circulating cisterns fitted in all our kitchen stoves, with taps communicating from them on every floor, up to the top of the house, as well as pipes for cold water. It is certain that some means will seriously have to be thought out to diminish the unpopularity of domestic service, and this sort of reform, lessening the actual labour, would doubtless do much in that direction.

"Erasmic Herb Soap" comes from a first-class firm, Messrs. Crossfield, of Warrington, whose name is a guarantee for the excellence of anything they produce and place before the public. "Erasmic Herb Soap" is recommended by medical specialists for improving and preserving the complexion. The scent is one of the sweetest that I know of in a soap, and the price is the remarkably moderate one of fourpence a tablet.




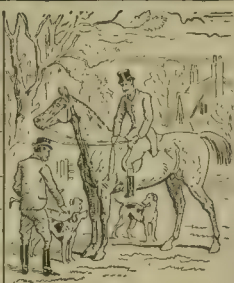

Mülhens' Rhine Violet Perfume is well established as a favourite with English ladies of the upper classes, the delicate scent exactly resembling the refined and delicious odour of the natural blossom, and being quite free from the two common faults of ordinary so-called violet essences—to wit, sickliness and evanescence. The violet is a scent of which I have always been extremely fond, and I have tried many and various brands, but never found one thoroughly satisfactory until I made the acquaintance of Mülhens' Rhine Violets. The manufactory is at Cologne, where also the excellent Eau-de-Cologne distinguished as "4711" brand is produced; but the London agency is Mr. Reuter's, 62, New Bond Street, W. He has now introduced to my notice a new perfume from the same manufactory, the fanciful title given to this being "Rhine Gold." This also is a very refined, pleasing, and delicate scent, something like that of the gardenia. It is put up in pretty flasks of cut glass, and these can be had, if wished for presents, enclosed in charming boxes. Mr. Mülhens' essences are very highly concentrated, so that a few drops suffice to give a lasting scent to the handkerchief.

F. F.-M.

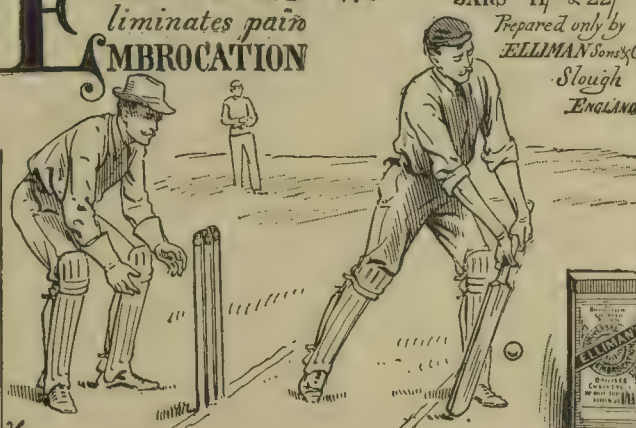


A SIMPLE STYLE.

which is inserted at intervals all round the skirt, also adorning the bodice, which invariably pouches over a belt and turns back with revers, to show some cravat of muslin or chiffon or lace. A very charming skirt which I have seen this week specially designed for Cowes was of bright scarlet soft surah, tucked in the finest tucks in groups of threes, turning back in the front just at the neck with but one revers of white surah hemstitched, the sleeves being of the bishop order, with little tucks at the top and some little tucks down at the wrist. Round the waist was a belt of oxidised silver and garnets and turquoise, and the skirt was of plain light serge. Innumerable tucks deck all the best of batiste shirts, and among these I must recall a shirt of mauve which fastened down one side and had two little lapels at the neck edged with a finely kilted white muslin frill. Beneath the collar, which was tabbed to stand up round the neck, was tied a muslin necktie, with tucked ends. This was to be worn with a

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RAILWAY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

In view of the approach of the holiday season we give a summary of the chief innovations of the various railway companies. Tickets may in nearly all cases be obtained at the companies' respective offices in the City and the W. End, as well as at the station booking offices.

Thanks to the enterprise of the Great Eastern Railway Company, acting in conjunction with the Danish State Railways and the United Steamship Company, the modern tourist may start from Harwich, and after a pleasant North Sea trip of some twenty-four hours find himself in Denmark, and then pass on through Norway with all possible convenience and economy. The line passenger-steamer of the United Steamship Company of Denmark runs three times a week between Harwich and Esbjerg on the West Coast of Denmark. Leaving London (Liverpool Street Station) in the evening, and the chief Northern and Midland towns in the afternoon, passengers can travel through to Harwich in convenient time for the boat, which sails at 6.30 p.m. Arriving at Esbjerg on the second morning after leaving Harwich, from can be taken through direct to Copenhagen, which is reached in the evening by the interesting route to Fredericia. At Fredericia rail is changed for steamer, which crosses the Little Belt to the pasture Island of Funen. Here rail is taken again to the east side at Nyboerg. A luxuriously fitted steamer is waiting to cross the Great Belt. Arriving on the Zealand coast at Korsør, the journey by train is continued to Roskilde, the ancient capital of the kingdom, and on through Frederiksberg, the suburb of Copenhagen, into the capital. From Copenhagen to Christiania there is the interesting route via Frederiksberg and its Royal Castle, Elsinore, with "Hamlet's Grave," and the famous Falls of Trollhattan. At Christiania one is within a day's journey of the beautiful Fjeldmark region and the numberless interesting districts of Norway, now so easily and inexpensively reached from the capital. The return journey from Christiania can be made via Stockholm, which this year adds its great exhibition to its other attractions.

For holiday-makers spending a few days abroad the Great Eastern Railway Company have arranged cheap trips to Brussels and its Exhibition by the accelerated Harwich-Antwerp service. Two of the Company's quickest two-deck steamers have been placed on this service, which, until Sept. 12, will run on Sundays as well as weekdays. On Saturday, July 31, special cheap return tickets via Harwich, Antwerp, and Brussels will be issued to Europe, available for a fortnight. By the Company's Harwich-Hook of Holland route, about inexpensive holidays can be spent in Holland and Germany. Passengers leaving London in the evening and the chief Northern and Midland towns in the afternoon are due at Antwerp and Brussels, the Dutch towns next morning, and Cologne about noon. Two of the General Steam Navigation Company's fast passenger-steamers will leave Harwich on July 28 and 31 for Hamburg, returning Aug. 1 and 4.

The arrangements of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company, including the running of special trains during the Sussex fortnight, commencing July 26, are now completed; and for the Goodwood Meeting special arrangements have been made by the Railway Company, assisted by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and also by the Brighton and Worthing Corporations, for the watering of the roads between the Dymott and Chichester Stations and Goodwood Park.

The Brighton Railway Company is announcing that by its Newhaven, Dieppe and Rouen route to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy, to and from the Paris terminus near the Madeleine, a special fortnightly excursion to Paris will be run from London by the special express day service on Saturday morning, July 31, and also by the express night service on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday evenings, July 29 to Aug. 2. Cheap return tickets to Guern for Normandy and Brittany will also be issued from London Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, July 29, 30, and 31, by the direct route, via Newhaven and Ostend, available for return on any weekday within fourteen days. Cheap return tickets to Dieppe will be issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, July 30 and 31 and Aug. 1, available for return on any day up to and including the following Wednesday.

The London and North-Western Railway Company has made arrangements by which the personal luggage of tourist passengers will, on application, be collected from their residences, hotels, &c., forwarded in advance of the owner's journey, and delivered at any of the tourist resorts on the London and North-Western Railway, advertised in a lengthy list. The charge is 1s. per packet. The collection and delivery services apply within the usual free delivery boundaries only, and the arrangement applies to personal luggage only, and not to bicycles, perambulators and mail-carts, or to packagings.

The London and South-Western Railway Company announces that special excursions have been arranged to Exeter, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Devonport, Plymouth, and other stations in the West of England, leaving Waterloo at 10.15 p.m. on Friday, July 30, the tickets being available to return following Monday, Saturday week, Monday week, Saturday fortnight, or Monday fortnight following the day of issue. On Friday, July 30, and Saturday, July 31, a special cheap excursion will leave Waterloo at 10.10 p.m. for Ilfracombe, via Southampton, returning any weekday up to



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SHEFFIELD
COMMEMORATION PLATE FOR THE HONORARY SECRETARIES
OF THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

It will be remembered that the Royal Reception Committee in charge of affairs upon the occasion of her Majesty's visit to Sheffield voted a sum of money as a mark of their appreciation of the indefatigable services of the honorary secretaries, Aldermen Franklin and Clegg, for the purpose of purchasing them a piece of commemoration plate. Messrs. Mappin and Webb were in each case entrusted with the work, which, it was decided, should take the form of a desert service. Each service comprised seven pieces, all of sterling silver; the decoration being of the Louis Quinze period.

and including Saturday, Aug. 7. Cheap excursion tickets will be issued to Guernsey and Jersey from Waterloo at 8.55 a.m., in connection with a boat leaving Southampton at 11.30 a.m., reaching Guernsey about 5.30 p.m., available to return following Monday, Saturday, Monday week, Saturday week, or Monday fortnight. Similar tickets will also be issued by the 9.35 p.m. train from Waterloo. Cheap excursions will also run on Saturday, July 31, to stations in the West of England, North and South Devon, and North Cornwall, Dorset, Hants, Isle of Wight, &c.

The Midland Railway Company has issued an extensive list of new arrangements, which came into force 1 July, for the benefit of holiday travellers. The Scotch service has been improved by the addition of a new service to Edinburgh, &c., with dining accommodation, leaving St. Pancras at 1.15 p.m., and serving Leicester, Nottingham, Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, Liverpool, &c. A through carriage will be attached to the 10 p.m. express from St. Pancras for Greenock (Princes Pier), where passengers can most conveniently join the steamer for the Firth of Clyde and the Western Highlands of Scotland. A daylight service throughout will be given to Rosheys during July and August. The services to Ireland via Stranraer and Larne (the short sea route), and via Barrow-in-Furness (the picturesque route via the borders of the Lake District), have also been improved. The new fast steamer, *Duchess of Devonshire*, has been placed on the Isle of Man service via Barrow, and an additional service will be given by this route each Saturday. The services to the "Peak" District of Derbyshire, the English Lake District, and to the Watering Places of Lancashire and Yorkshire, have been revised, and material improvement effected, both in point of time occupied on the journey and comfort en route.

The Great Northern, North-Eastern, and North British Railway

Companies announce the addition of trains and an acceleration of the existing service from King's Cross to Scotland by the East Coast route. Among other innovations it may be noted that the 7.45 p.m. express from King's Cross will, from July 26 to Aug. 11, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, be connected at Perth with a special express, in advance of the Mail, conveying passengers for stations north of Inverness. Corridor dining saloons, first and third class, are now attached to the 11.20 a.m. and the 2.20 p.m. trains from King's Cross, and sleeping carriages are on all night trains.

To meet the expected additional traffic by the ordinary trains on Wednesday, July 31, the Great Western Railway Company will run in duplicate the 11.45 a.m. and 3.6, and 9 p.m. trains to the West of England, the 1.30, 4.45, and 6.50 p.m. trains to the North, and the 12 noon train to South Wales. The first portion of the 3 and 9 p.m. trains will leave Paddington at 2.55 p.m. and 8.55 p.m. respectively, but the first portions of the other trains will leave at the advertised times, and the second a few minutes afterwards, the long-distance passengers being as far as possible taken in the first portion, but with a few exceptions, no trains will stop at the advertised stations to take up and set down passengers. On Thursday, July 29, excursion passengers will be booked to Cork and Killarney at 3.35 p.m., and on Friday, July 30, at 4.45 p.m., to Belfast, Armagh, Giant's Causeway, &c., and at 6.10 p.m. to Limerick, Killarney, and other places in the South of Ireland. Fast excursion trains for the West of England will leave Paddington at 10.10 p.m., and for South Wales at 12.25 midnight, on Friday, July 30, at 7.55 a.m., 11.5 a.m., 12.40 noon and 10.10 p.m., on Saturday, July 31, for the West of England. Excursions will also be run on Saturday, July 31, to many places served by the Great Western system. In addition to the weekly excursion trains to the West of England and Weymouth districts, an excursion train leaves Paddington at 8.10 a.m. every Saturday during July, August, and September for Aberystwyth, Barmouth, Rhyl, Llandudno, Bangor, and other stations in North Wales, for three, five, fifteen, or seventeen days. Passengers are also booked every Saturday to Guernsey and Jersey, via Weymouth, and the short sea passage to the Islands by the trains leaving Paddington at 8.50 a.m. and 9.45 p.m. Third class return tickets available for three, eight, ten, fifteen, or seventeen days are issued at a fare of 6s. 6d. There is now a daily daylight service from Weymouth to Guernsey and Jersey in addition to the night boats.

The Highland Railway Company announces a service of trains for passengers between England and the North of Scotland, via the Dunkeld route, better than that provided at any previous time. The scenery on the route of the Highland Railway from Perth in the south to Wick and Thurso in the north, Skirre Ferry in the west, Elgin, Keith, and Buckie in the east, is famous for its interest and variety; and the Highland Railway serves many of the most popular of Scotch health resorts. A new line, seventeen miles in length, from Carr Bridge to Daviot, which leads to a new tourist and sporting country, was opened on July 19. Tourist tickets to the above named and other stations on the Highland Railway are issued daily during the season at all the principal stations in England and Scotland.

The Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway Company announces special cheap day trips and grand circular tours by combined rail and hotel week-end tickets to County Wicklow, including the Vale of Avoca, the Meeting of the Waters, and other famous scenes. Car or waggette drives are included in the excursion and tourist fares to most of the above-mentioned places.

The Cambrian Railways Company announces August Bank Holiday Excursions from London, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and the principal towns in England to Aberystwyth, Borth, Aberdovey, Barmouth, Tynni, Dolgelly, Harlech, Portmadoc, Rhyl, and Llandudno, and other pleasure resorts on the Welsh Coast. Cheap Return Tickets from London, available for 7 or 14 days, at fares from 16s. to 22s.; and at correspondingly low fares from Oxford, Banbury, Reading, Coventry, Birmingham, and other centres, &c., on Saturday, July 31, for return on Monday or Saturday following, or on Saturday or Monday fortnight. On Friday and Saturday, July 30 and 31, cheap week-end (Friday or Saturday to Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday) and ten days' excursion tickets will be issued from all the principal towns in England to the Cambrian Coast. These excursions will also be run on every Friday and Saturday in July, August, and September.

The Belfast and County Down Railway Company has now arranged its summer tours from Belfast. The districts served by the County Down Railway comprise Portaferry and Strangford Lough, Ardara and Killybeg, Bangor and Donaghadee, Ballynagh and its spas, Newcastle, Bryansford, Rostrevor, and the Mourne Mountains. These include, for the antiquarian, such interests as Downpatrick, the burial-place of St. Patrick; the ancient castles and abbeys of Strangford Lough; the castles, crochies, stone circles, and stone dwellings in the Ardara district; for the soldier, the links of the County Down Club, Newcastle, and the Royal Belfast Club links at Carnalea; and for the health-seeker, the seaside resorts of Bangor, Donaghadee, Ardara, Killybeg, and Newcastle, and the spas of Ballynagh. Coast drives and circular tours are arranged during the summer months to Rostrevor and Warrenpoint, through the Mourne Mountains, and via the different coast roads.

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Four Solid Silver Salt-Collars and Spoons, in best Morocco Case, £2.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Jan. 17, 1895), with a codicil (dated Jan. 15, 1897), of the Right Hon. Richard, Earl of Dartrey, K.P., of Dartrey, Monaghan, and 23, Eaton Square, who died on May 12, granted to his sons, the present Earl of Dartrey and the Hon. Edward Stanley Dawson, the executors, was rescinded in London on July 9, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to £215,586. Under the provisions of his marriage settlement he appoints the sum of £5000 to his son, the Hon. Edward Stanley Dawson, having in his lifetime appointed £5000 each to his other children, the Hon. Richard Maitland Westmore Dawson, the Hon. Anthony Lucius Dawson, and Mary Eleanor Anne, Countess of Ilchester. He bequeaths £5000 to his son Edward; £500 each to his sons Richard and Anthony; £500 to his daughter Lady Ilchester; his furniture, plate, pictures, and household effects to his son the present Earl; and legacies and annuities to servants. He gives all his stock of the Midland Railway, the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, the North-Eastern Railway, the Caledonian Railway, and the Madras Railway; upon trust, for his eldest son, Lord Dartrey, for life, and then to his eldest son. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to the present Earl absolutely.

The will (dated April 1, 1897) of Colonel Sir Frederic Winn Knight, K.C.B., M.P. for West Worcester 1841-85, who died on May 3, was proved on July 12 by Dame Maria

Louise Florence Knight, the widow, Eric Ayshford Knight, nephew, the Rev. William Wykes Finch, the Rev. Thomas Evans Hughes, and Percy Ambrose Sewell Hickey, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £106,682. The testator gives an annuity of £200 to his cousin Edward Frederic Knight; and £1000 each to his executors, the Rev. William Wykes Finch, the Rev. Thomas Evans Hughes, and Percy Ambrose Sewell Hickey. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, she paying during that time £800 per annum to Eric Ayshford Knight. At her decease the ultimate residue is to go to his nephew the said Eric Ayshford Knight.

The will (dated Nov. 16, 1894), with a codicil (dated March 23, 1897), of the Right Hon. John George, Baron Monk Bretton, P.C., D.L., J.P., of 6, Seamore Place, Mayfair, and Conyborough, Lewes, Sussex, who died on May 25, was proved on July 12 by John William, Baron Monk Bretton, the son, John Ingham Blencowe, William Henry Campion, and Charles Walter Campion, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £135,586. The testator settles all his manors, advowsons, messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments, being freehold of inheritance, in the counties of Sussex and York or elsewhere in England and Ireland (except his residence, 6, Seamore Place), and all his copyhold and leasehold estates (except his stables in Hamilton Mews), to the use of his son John William, for life, with remainder to his

first and every other son successively according to seniority in tail. He bequeaths all the jewellery, plate, pictures, wines, household stores, horses and carriages at Conyborough or any other residence he may have; and all the furniture, linen, china, glass, and books at any of his residences other than Conyborough, to his wife; all furniture not otherwise disposed of, all books, linen, china, glass, and live and dead stock at Conyborough, and £6000 to his son; £800 each to his daughters; and legacies to his executors, footman, coachman, head carpenter, bricklayer, and house servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his executors, upon trust, to permit his wife to have the free use of his house in Seamore Place, and the said stables, for life, and to pay her such sum as, with the amount she will receive under settlement, will make up £3000 per annum. In the event of his wife dying before Nov. 16, 1899, the trustees are to pay to each of his daughters £700 per annum until that time, when the provision made for them by settlement will take effect. A power is given to his wife to appoint at her death the sum of £5000. The ultimate residue is to be held, upon trust, for his son absolutely.

The will (dated May 1, 1886), with two codicils (dated Nov. 15, 1894, and Dec. 21, 1896), of Mr. Francis Tucker, of 11, Dorset Square, who died on March 24, was proved on July 6 by Major-General William Osborne Barnard, the Rev. Hubert George Griffith, and Edmund Henry Ellis, the executors, the value of the personal estate being



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THE LAST LAP: A POPULAR WIN.

£49,239. Under the powers of the will of Isabella Tucker, he appoints the residuary trust funds mentioned therein to his two daughters, Mrs. Isabella Barnard and Mrs. Marion Douglas Griffith. He bequeaths to his wife, Mrs. Helen Maria Tucker, £1000 and his furniture and household effects. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her decease he bequeaths £5000 to his daughter, Mrs. M. D. Griffith, and leaves the ultimate residue to his two daughters, Mrs. Barnard and Mrs. Griffith.

The will (dated June 24, 1895) of Mr. William Wickham, J.P., D.L., of Binsted Wyck, Southampton, M.P. for the Petersfield Division of Hants, and formerly High Sheriff of Hants, who died on May 16, was proved on July 6 by Mrs. Sophia Emma Wickham, the widow, Mrs. Lucy Ogilvy, the daughter, and John Savill Vaizey, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £38,587. The testator gives his deferred annuity stock, his consolidated stock of the Midland and London and North-Western Railway Companies, and 660 shares in the Sun Insurance Society to his daughter, Mrs. Eleanor Clements, and he requests her not to invest any part thereof in Ireland; and his household furniture and effects to his wife for life, and then to his daughter Lucy. The residue of his personal estate he bequeaths to his daughter, Mrs. Lucy Ogilvy. He devises Binsted Wyck, with all manors, lands, farms, and hereditaments in the county of Southampton, to his wife for life, and at her death he settles the

said lands and premises on his daughter Lucy and her children.

The will (dated April 17, 1895), with two codicils (dated May 18 and Nov. 30, 1895), of William Frederick Blyth Dalzel, Surgeon-Major, Indian Army Retired, of 40, Kensington Park Gardens, who died on June 19, was proved on July 9 by Mrs. Mary Anne Dalzell, the widow, and Charlotte Eliza Dalzel and Mary Louisa Dalzel, the daughters, the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to £36,763. The testator gives two shares in the Carron Company each to his daughters Alice Boyes Dalzel and Mary Louisa Dalzel; £500 each to his son Augustus Frederick Dalzel and his daughter Charlotte Eliza Dalzel; and £100 and the use during widowhood of his household furniture and effects to his wife. He makes no further provision for his wife, she having ample means of her own; and she will also receive on his death an annuity of £250 odd from the Bengal Military Fund. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for all his children, the share of his daughter Clementina Blyth Dalzel to exceed that of his other children by £3000.

The will (dated Jan. 8, 1885), with a codicil (dated Sept. 21, 1892), of Mr. Ney Elias, C.I.E., of 26A, North Audley Street, who died on May 31, was proved on July 5 by Alfred Elias, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £29,313. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his brothers and sisters, and the issue of any deceased brother or sister, his brother George

and sister Jessie taking three shares each, and the others two shares.

The will (dated July 10, 1880), with a codicil (dated July 28, 1892), of Mr. William Loftus Wigram, of Redriff, Maidenhead, Berks, who died on May 19, was proved on July 8 by John Wigram and Walter Augustus Wigram, the brothers and executors, the value of the personal estate being £17,131. The testator gives £500 and his furniture, plate, pictures, etc., to his wife Mrs. Clara Anne Wigram, and £200 each to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then between all his children.

The will and codicil of Mr. George Harper, J.P., of The Yews, Lockwood, Huddersfield, newspaper proprietor, who died on April 5, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on June 23 by Richard Williamson Harper, the son, and Rhoda Eliza Harper, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £8429.

The will of Major Richard Pelham Warren, J.P., of Worthing House, Worthing, Hants, and of the Carlton Club, who died on May 7, was proved on July 5 by Major-General Arthur Frederick Warren, C.B., the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £6395.

The will of Mr. Charles Henry Minchin, J.P., of Crossbeck House, Normanby, Yorkshire, who died on May 11, was proved on July 9 by Mrs. Charlotte Fleming, the daughter and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £1264.

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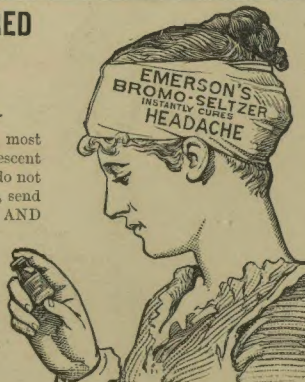
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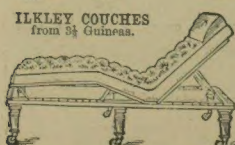
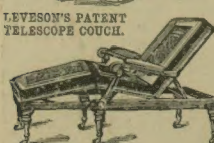
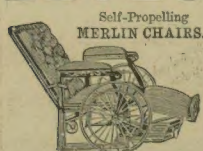
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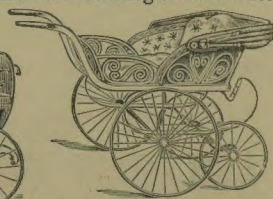
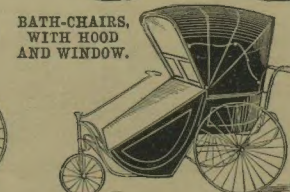
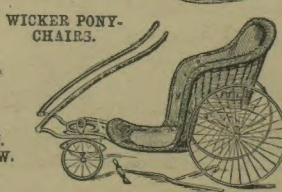
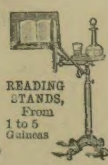
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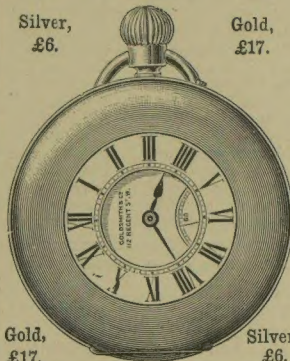
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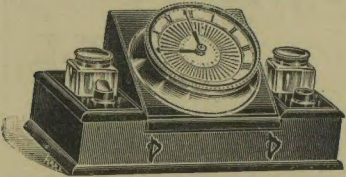
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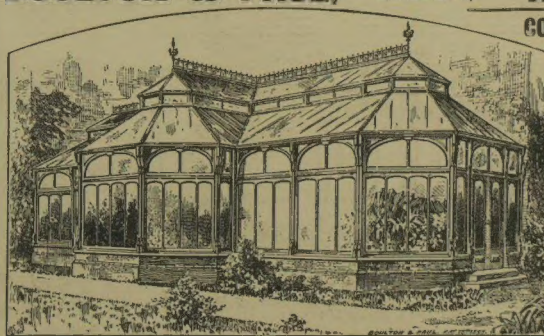
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ART NOTES.

In the Water-Colour Room at Burlington House two figures, by Señor José Tapiro, stand out in strong contrast to their conventional surroundings. The artist's work, however, can be better seen at Messrs. McLean's Gallery (Haymarket), where a score of his pictures have been brought together. A Spaniard by race, although resident at Tangiers, Señor Tapiro seems to have succumbed to the influence of Fortuny and Madrazo, as shown in two or three laboriously painted and lavishly coloured figures. His real strength, however, comes out in his more sober studies of Moorish men and women, among whom his life lies. There is in some of them a touch of unrestrained inspiration which carries the artist farther on the road to success than his laboured efforts to imitate other men.

In the present exhibition of the Royal Academy there is hung a picture, "The King of Sorrows," by Mr. W. S.

Burton, who contributes to a contemporary an extraordinary statement of the ways of the officials at Burlington House. The events to which Mr. Burton refers occurred forty years ago, but the Council should, if its members have any regard for the good name of the Royal Academy, take some notice of the serious charge brought against its reputation. Mr. Burton states that his picture "The Wounded Cavalier," now to be seen at the Guildhall Exhibition, found a place in the Academy exhibition of 1856, thanks to the generous self-denial of Mr. Cope, R.A., although his name did not appear in the catalogue. His picture had been excluded from the general hanging by the Academy porters, who at that time levied blackmail on the student-exhibitors; but Mr. Cope, R.A., on Varnishing Day had by chance stumbled upon it, and recognising its merits, insisted upon its taking a place on the line assigned to one of his own pictures. Mr. Burton, ignorant of what had happened, wrote to the secretary to complain of the exclusion of his name from the Academy

catalogue, and incidentally referred to the conduct of the porters. To this letter he received no reply, nor to a second, written after an assurance from the Registrar that a reply would be sent. The next year Mr. Burton sent a picture to the Royal Academy, which was also rejected, but Tom Taylor, having seen it, borrowed it from the artist, and invited to dinner several members of that year's Council. One and all declared that the picture had never been submitted to their notice. Of recent years Mr. Burton's pictures have apparently met with little approval from the Hanging Committee, but this year he has been more successful. Whether this has arisen from the fact that his picture, "The King of Sorrows," had been already seen and admired by a large body of the public, and had been noticed in the Press, is a question unnecessary to discuss, but the story of Mr. Burton's dealings with the Royal Academy shows up that body and its hangers-on in a very ugly light, and some explanation, even after this long interval, would be satisfactory to intending exhibitors of the present day.

MARRIAGE.

On July 10, at the Abbey Church, Heston, by the Rev. G. Postlethwaite, Captain James H. Henderson, of Valparaiso, Chili, to Mrs. E. Adamson, widow of the late W. Adamson, Esq., of Langham Towers, Sunderland.

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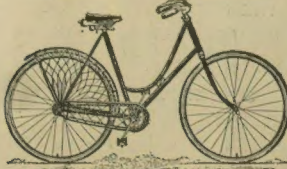
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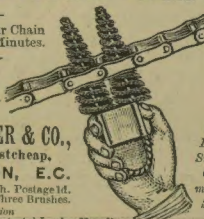
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